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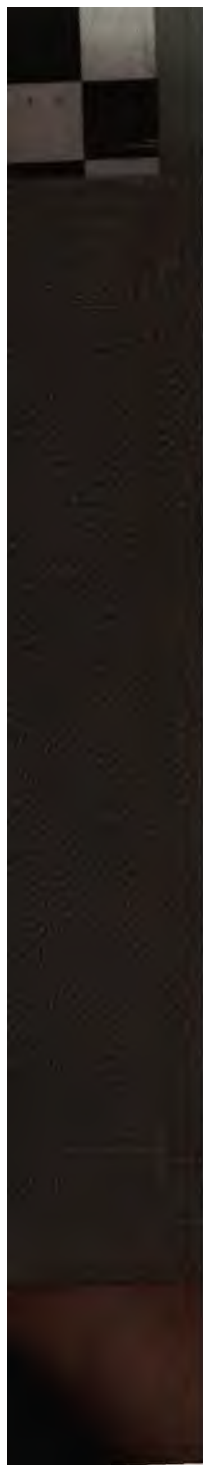
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H Y M N S,

OLD AND NEW.

LOND
PRINTED BY WOODE,
MILFORD LANE,

H Y M N S,
OLD AND NEW,
FOR CHURCH AND HOME,
AND FOR
TRAVEL BY LAND OR SEA.

CONSISTING OF
224 SELECTED, AND 259 ORIGINAL HYMNS.

BY
THOMAS DAVIS, M.A.,
INCUMBENT OF ROUNDHAY, YORKSHIRE.

L O N D O N :
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, AND GREEN.
1864.

147. q 52




P R E F A C E.

THE Hymns marked thus † in this Collection have been chosen with great care out of several thousands. The others are original, except that occasionally a thought has been derived from other writers.

I hope that few subjects have been omitted that are fitted to awaken praise and thankfulness; and that the Hymns on *Christian Graces*, which, in common with several of the Psalms in Scripture, may be regarded as the language of brethren exhorting or encouraging one another to a life of holiness, may often be found appropriate and auxiliary to discourses from the pulpit. Their arrangement under different heads has been adopted more especially with a view to this use of them.

Towards the close of these pages a small number of Hymns are placed under the heading



PREFACE.

Additional Hymns. On these it is only need to remark that some are inserted in deference to the popular taste, as evinced by the fact that they appear in all the best modern Hymn-books, others from a regard to the influence of custom and old associations; and some because they were composed or fell under my notice on fuller consideration after the pages preceding them had been printed.

A few Hymns that might otherwise have been introduced have been left out because they expressed sentiments exactly similar to those of several others equally good or superior and because it appeared to me that the space they would occupy might be better employed in somewhat extending the field of thought which has hitherto been traversed in our Hymnals. Commonly, the Hymns to which preference has been given have been freer than those omitted from indifferent rhymes, from verses or lines open to exception on other grounds, and from that lack of natural sequence, connection, and unity of thought which is the prevailing fault in compositions of this order.

It may not be useless to add that no Hymn will be found here which are inconsistent with heartfelt thankfulness to God for "creation and

preservation," or which it is impossible for any congregation of worshippers to use thoughtfully and sincerely. Not one, for example, is admitted which implies that he who utters it is longing to depart at once from life. Even were this a state to be aimed at, and preferable to that of the Christian, who desires upon this, as upon everything else, to have no will but his Heavenly Father's, it is certainly a state not often attained except upon a sick or dying bed.

Next, no Hymns are here which are incompatible with unfeigned gratitude for "all the blessings of this life." It is, I apprehend, better for the heart and more acceptable to God to cultivate the habit which expresses itself thus,—

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy,"—

than to foster a very different spirit by singing some Hymns that might be adduced regarding the evils of our present condition. Perhaps it is too much forgotten how it is written for our instruction, "Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with

gladness of heart, for the abundance of things, therefore, thou shalt serve thine which the Lord shall send against thee in hunger, and in thirst, and in nakedness, want of all things."

Further, all Hymns, it is hoped, are included which are distinguished by conceits or turns of expression that offend a pure taste or are found to have no meaning, or a false one, when subjected to strict inspection.

My best thanks are due, and are now presented, to the few living Authors whose works we have contributed to these pages. If in any instance I have unintentionally inserted a Hymn which its writer would have preferred that I should omit, or have unconsciously infringed copyright, I venture to hope that the mistake will be kindly excused. Of some Hymns in this collection the authorship is quite unknown to me; and of one or two it was not discovered till nearly the whole of the volume was printed.

Constructed in the utmost comprehensive spirit, and as the result of much thought and pains, at intervals, for many years, this Hymn-book is now submitted to the judgment of the Church.

PREFACE.

ix

tian Church. May it be accepted or rejected precisely according to the measure of its adaptation or unfitness to promote the great end for which it is designed !

ROUNDHAY PARSONAGE (near Leeds),
April 14, 1864.

Morning	
Evening	
Advent	
Christmas	
Epiphany	
Lent.....	
Hymns on the Passion	
Easter	
Ascensiontide	
Whitsuntide	
Trinity Sunday	
Creation and Preservation	
Incidents in Christ's life	
Christian Graces:—	
Faith	
Hope and its Objects.....	
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NOTE.—*Many of the Hymns
particular seasons or occasions
other times also with equal prop,*

H Y M N S.

Morning.

1

God is Love.

L.M.

LET every voice for praise awake ;
Let every heart the joy partake ;
And with this truth sweet music make ;
Our God is Love.

Uncounted gifts from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is Love.

How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear !
Our God is Love.

O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody ;
Our God is Love.

Then, when the brief low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore ;
Our God is Love.

B

MORNING.

2

Still with Thee.

WITH Thee, Lord, will I walk by
And thankful praise, and trustful
Nor hope from sorrow to be free,
Save as I know repose in Thee.

To Thee, on each returning night,
My soul shall wing her peaceful flight ;
And this my morning joy shall be,
That, waking, I am still with Thee :

With Thee, the Source of Life and Light,
And joys unnumbered, infinite,
Through this fair world, and all on high,
That light and deck the midnight sky.

When days and nights have passed away,
And breaks the one eternal day,
O grant me, Lord, to wake, and be
Still and for evermore with Thee.

3

† *Daily Mercies.*

L.

NEW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven
If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

MORNING.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

4

Grateful Praise.

C.M.

WITH grateful hearts let all the earth
To heaven glad anthems raise :
That God to whom they owe their birth
Let all delight to praise.

Each day His countless gifts we share ;
Each day should songs renew :
The bounteous Lord who heareth prayer,
Should hear our praises too.

O ye who hope to take your parts
Where hymns celestial flow,
Far as ye may, prepare your hearts,
And some sweet notes, below.

Rejoice in God ! nor less rejoice
To swell the thankful strain ;
And still with praise lift up your voice
Again and yet again !

5

Waking in Heaven.

886886.

'TIS sweet on earth to wake at morn
Refreshed and glad, when faint and worn
We laid us down at even :
How sweet, when last we sink to rest
Pallid and spent, amid the blest,
To wake once more—in heaven !

MORNING.

On earth, if oft at morning's dawn
Lost strength return, that strength
When evening comes again :
In heaven renewed, our angel power
Shall yield not to a few brief hours,
But ever fresh remain.

On earth, though we may wake and
With new-born joy, a little while,
And tears may tell our woe :
In heaven, who once with joy awake
Shall still unceasing bliss partake,
As endless ages flow.

O Father, grant us more and more
To prize that bliss ; for all in store
Whose hearts to Thee are given ;
And when, at Thy well-chosen hour,
Fails utterly each mortal power,
O may we wake in Heaven !

6

Brightening Morn.

MORN hath brightened slowly ;
Night hath passed away ;
Calm, and sweet, and holy,
Be our Sabbath Day.

All around is beauty,
All within be love,
Strong for every duty,
Fixed on things above.

There is good supernal,
There alone is rest,
Sinless, sweet, eternal,
For Thy children blest.

MORNING.

There a morning brightens,
Which shall ne'er decline;
There a Sun enlightens,
Which shall ever shine.

O what beams resplendent,
O what visions fair,
O what joys transcendent,
Wake loud anthems there!

Lord, accept our praises
For the light we see;
And for all that raises
Our glad souls to Thee.

Cast thy burden on the Lord.

S.M.

HOW kind our Father's voice!
All may draw near in prayer,
Cast down their burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.

His Wisdom orders all,
His Power not less controuls,
His Love makes all things work for good
To trusting, loving souls.

O bless His Holy Name
On each returning day;
And, strong to do and bear His will,
Go calmly on your way.

Sorrows, and fears, and cares,
But waste the heart and mind;
While they who humbly rest on God
Both strength and comfort find.

MORNING.

He grants their spirits peace,
And so He gives them power ;
For still with peace comes mighty love,
Our greatest, holiest dower.

O hear, then, all His voice ;
Draw near with praise and prayer ;
Cast down your burden at His feet ;
And meekly leave it there.

8

Sunlight.

O FATHER, let the beams that fall,
To light, to deck, to bless the earth,
That Sun, Thy greatest gift, recall,
Whence heavenly life derives its birth.

And warbling strains, and odours rare,
And lovely hues on field and tree,
Oft bid them chase each earthly care,
And deepen, Lord, my joy in Thee.

Let countless wonders that proclaim
The goodness, skill, and power above,
Kindle within my breast a flame
Of grateful and adoring love.

Love, holy love ! the spring, the sum
Of all that now I seek or pray ;
The heaven within my heaven to come,
The sunlight of my earthly day.

9.

Strength as our Days.

AS thy days thy strength shall be :
O my soul, rejoice and sing !
This is truth divine for thee,
Long as thou to God shalt cling.

MORNING.

As thy days thy strength shall be :
Every fear then from thee fling !
Here each morn thy solace see
For whate'er the day shall bring.

Dread not ev'n the solemn time,
Very near, perhaps, to thee :
Still shall live this truth sublime ;
As thy days thy strength shall be.

Yea, when time on earth is o'er,
At the Judgment thou shalt see,
And with rapture God adore,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

10

Wake and Sing.

7575.

WAKE, my spirit, wake and sing ;
Cleave not to the dust ;
Rise to-day on joyful wing,
In the strength of trust.

Clouds may gather, but shall not
Long the soul begloom
Stayed on God ; but, God forgot,
What shall then illume ?

Every good of faith is born ;
Faith still maketh whole ;
With its coming breaks the morn
On the sunless soul.

Follows that bright morn a noon,
Which is yet more bright ;
Then rich eventide, and soon
Heaven's transcendent light.

MORNING.

Wake, my soul, then, wake and sing;
Cleave not to the dust;
Rise to-day on joyful wing,
In the strength of trust.

11

Divine Care.

C

MY Father kept me through the night,
Till slumber sweet was o'er;
His Hand sustained my life in sleep,
Or I had waked no more.

Now will I walk in light with Him;
His beams at home, abroad,
Shall still fresh love, fresh power reveal,
And I will praise my God.

To serve, to please Him, by His grace,
Shall be my sweet employ;
His love through Christ my constant trust,
His righteous will my joy.

So He will guard me night and day,
Till life's brief course be o'er;
And my freed spirit wake to bliss,
Thenceforth to sleep no more.

12

Children of the Day.

C.M

FATHER, vouchsafe us grace divine
On each returning morn,
To live as children of the day,
To noblest life new-born.

From deeds of darkness, and from words
And thoughts unmeet for light,
O grant our souls may shrink, as each
Would shrink from endless night.

MORNING.

And day by day, on wings of faith
And love, may all arise ;
And sweetly thus foretaste the bliss,
That waits us in the skies.

Then, when prepared to know on high
The last, the heavenly birth,
With gentle hand, O Father, break
Each tie that binds to earth.

13

Light without and within.

C.M.

I THANK thee, Lord, for every night
Of sweet refreshing rest ;
And every day's rekindled Light
Without, within my breast.

The Light revealing to mine eyes
Thy glorious works around ;
The Light whereby my faith describes
In all things love profound.

O grant that both, throughout this day,
By Thy benign controul,
With influence sweet may strongly sway
Toward heaven and Thee my soul.

And, brightening till I soar above,
May that within me be
A conscious pledge of deathless love
In endless bliss with Thee !

14

Progress of Truth.

C.M.

HOW slowly, and how silently,
Behind the mountains grey,
With faint prelusive radiancy,
Mounts up the Orb of Day !

and spreads around till all be l
As night had never been.

'Tis ever thus: no tumult tells
The birth of mightiest force;
Nor yet its growth: it calmly sw
Like daylight, round its source

Immortal Truth! it hath been so,
And shall be so with Thee,
Till earth through all her nations l
And own Thy sovereignty!

5

† *Early Song.*

A WAKE, my soul, and with the
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice

MORNING.

By influence of the Light Divine,
Let thy own light on others shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

16

Break of Day.

L.M.

ONCE more the morn in beauty breaks :
Once more the world from slumber wakes :
O wake my heart, my voice, my mind !
God would I praise, and bless mankind !
Accept my praise, Great Source of good !
And fill my soul with gratitude,
That now, to sow for heaven, new-born,
I greet with joy this opening morn.
And give me grace, Lord, thro' this day,
With Truth, with Thee, to hold my way ;
To shun the wrong, to keep the right,
And walk midst men, a child of Light.
Then, when the last great morn shall break,
And bid Thy saints to rapture wake,
O grant me with the hosts above,
To swell the eternal songs of love.

17

† *The Waking Hour.*

L.M.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
New-born I bless the waking hour ;
Once more with awe rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my Guardian God, to Thee.

Thy goodness still delight to bless.
That deeper shade shall break away
That deeper sleep shall leave mine
Thy Light shall give eternal day;
Thy Love, the rapture of the skies.

Evening.

† *Evening Hymn.*

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings
beneath Thine own Almighty wings
forgive me Lord for Thy dear sake

EVENING.

O let my soul on Thee repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

19

Departing Day.

C.M.

YET one more day is well-nigh flown :
Great God, in whom I live,
Each sin, each fault, my heart hath known,
For Jesu's sake forgive.

And when mine eyes are closed in sleep,
Do Thou watch o'er me still ;
And guard me through the night, and keep
Secure from every ill.

In darkness let me strength regain
To serve Thee, Lord, in light ;
And may the day's best thoughts retain
Sweet influence o'er the night.

Be dreams, if present, meet for one,
To whom the hope is given,
All sorrows past, all labours done,
Of endless rest in heaven.

And when return the morn's bright gleams,
Give me afresh to see,
O Light Divine, Thy brighter beams,
And commune still with Thee.

c

Abide with me when night is nigh ;
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

† *Abide with me.*

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee
Of the helpless, O abide with me.

to its close ebbs out life's little flame

EVENING.

ear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
s lose their weight, and tears their bitterness ;
ath has no sting, the grave no victory ;
riumph still, if Thou abide with me.

old Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
ine through the gloom and point me to the skies ;
eav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee ;
life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

22

Declining Day.

- C.M.

NOW, Lord, the day declineth fast ;
And, ere its parting ray,
In Jesu's blood, with mercy vast,
Wash all my sins away.

Then, may I lay me down at night,
With loving, fearless mind ;
At peace with Thee, my Life and Light,
At peace with all mankind !

And in the sweetness of that rest,
O grant me, Lord, to see,
With faith, and hope, and joy, how blest
Will soon be rest with Thee :

Where weariness no more is known ;
Where night no more descends ;
But radiant Love on burning Throne
Makes day that never ends.

23

† *Divine Guardianship.*

8484888A.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;

And, when we are,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

† *Self Dedication.*

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer
Before Thy Throne I bow :
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

O may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow !
To Thee and to Thy glory live ;

EVENING.

25

Sunset.

D.C.M.

THE Sun goes down ; his beams diffuse
 No more their golden sheen ;
 The hills and woods their brightness lose,
 The fields their pleasant green ;
 The flowers, the streams, they fade away ;
 And, as they ne'er had been,
 Soon all are lost ! till opening day
 Renews once more the scene.

O Lord my God, Thy grace hath well
 A lesson writ for me,
 In vale, and plain, and upland swell,
 In blossom, stream, and tree :
 And may mine eyes the page outspread
 By day rejoicing see ;
 And oft by night may all, when read,
 In stillness pondered be !

So shall Thy Light, O Sun Divine !
 To me yet dearer grow ;
 So shall my heart, lest that decline,
 All sinful joys forego :
 Whate'er, through grace, I feel of bliss
 Thy beams shall yield below ;
 And heaven itself be prized for this ;
 They there more brightly glow.

26

† *Pardon and Protection.*

8787.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

c 2

watches where His people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom !

7

† *Sabbath Evening.*

ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, to Thee our hearts we raise,
Breathe to Thee our song of praise.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
God and King of earth and heaven.

Cold our services have been .

EVENING.

Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above ;
Strengthening each, as on he tends
Toward that rest which never ends.

28

The Starry Skies.

6 of 8.

IF, in the brightness of the day,
A glittering world hath lured astray,
I thank Thee, Lord, that every star,
That twinkles in the skies afar,
Recalls me with its softer light
To muse upon my home at night.

To muse in faith upon a home,
Which seems to chide that I should roam
In chase of shadows here below,
As earth could aught so fair bestow ;
And O ! what is there, or could be,
Lovely as faith on high may see !

If all things pure I seek, the clear
Blue concave whispers, ' They are here :'
From tumult would I haste afar ?
Each softly bright and beauteous star,
That smiles on me with tranquil eye,
Reminds me, ' Peace is in the sky.'

If dear as endless life be Love,
And, as with pinions of a dove,
Where'er her place of rest may be,
Thither my ravished soul would flee ;
Again breathes forth each gentle light,
' It only asks an upward flight.'

Advent.

29

† *Hark the glad sound.*

HARK ! the glad sound ! the Savi
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him bur
The iron fetters yield.

ADVENT.

30

Darkness and Light.

8886.

WHEN shrouding darkness passed away,
And earth's green orb shone bright and fair,
With flowers and fruits in fresh array,
What bounteous love was there !

God saw His work of skill and might,
As all complete and pure it stood,
A world of joy in glorious light,
And He pronounced it good.

When, deeper darkness to dispel,
He gave His only Son for men,
To teach, to die, to vanquish Hell,
What boundless love was then !

And when, at that great final day,
Which earth yet waits to be renewed,
Pain, grief, death, sin have passed away,
All shall indeed be good !

31

Kingdom of Christ.

C.M.

BEHOLD, from heaven the Prince of Peace,
Once here to serve and die,
Shall come once more to rule and live
In glorious majesty !

Around His Throne a Light shall shine,
And spread from shore to shore ;
Whence all shall know Him, all shall love,
And with glad hearts adore.

One joy in every breast shall then
As one sweet tie be owned ;
One Spirit, known in every soul,
Be felt a deathless bond.

O rather now all hearts prepare
To hail Thee, Prince of Peace!

2 † *Hosanna in the highest.*

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let Earth, let Heaven Hosanna sing
Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, now with loving care
Be with us in Thy House of prayer:

ADVENT.

33

† *The Pilgrim's Light.* C.M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
 Star of the coming day!
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams
 Chase all our griefs away!

Come, blessed Lord! let every shore,
 And answering island sing
 The praises of Thy royal name,
 And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
 In memory of Thy love.

Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine:
 Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory Thine!

34

† *The Prince of Life.* D.S.M.

BEHOLD! the Prince of Life,
 The chosen of the Lord,
 The Son beloved, at length fulfils
 The sure prophetic word!
 Clothed with no earthly state,
 He seeks no earthly throne;
 By meekness, patience, truth, and love,
 His dignity is shown.

—, ~~your~~ ~~night~~, ~~by~~ ~~your~~ ~~you~~,
That leads to endless day.

Prepare the song of joy,
To hail the incarnate King !
He comes ! the promised Saviour
Let earth with praises ring !
“ Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth
Good will to man,” with angels si
And bless, O bless His birth

35

The Prince of Peace.

COME, Prince of Peace ! let war
Fill earth with sighs and tears
Let men to ploughshares beat their
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come, Prince of Peace ! let wrath
And hatred pass away ;
And gentle holy happy love

ADVENT.

Then come in Thy great power and love;
 Bring earth her sweet release
 From every ill she mourneth still;
 O come, Thou Prince of Peace!

36

That Day.

C.M.

THE faintest trembling of the earth,
 How suddenly it stills
 The voice of folly, anger, mirth,
 And every bosom thrills!
 Not the loud thunder-clap, from skies
 That blackening clouds enrobe,
 Hath power to wake the wild surprise
 Felt on a trembling globe.
 And shall ere long the morning break
 Of that tremendous day,
 When earth shall to her centre quake,
 Then melt in flames away?
 Great God! upon the nations bend
 A pitying, pardoning eye;
 In mercy still Thy wrath suspend
 For Him who pleadeth nigh;
 Till all have sought and gained from Thee
 That beauteous, spotless robe,
 Which whoso wears shall fearless see
 A trembling, melting globe!

37

† *Christ's Humility and Glory.*

L.M.

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
 He took our nature poor and low,
 He wore no form of angel mould,
 But shared our weakness and our woe.

THE JUDGE OF ALL
Son of Man ! so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed ;

with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy gra
all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great Day of Judgment sav

† *The Song of Jubilee.*

[ARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
allelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
allelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

ADVENT.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
 Then the end : beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all !

9

† *Lo ! He comes !* 878747.

LO ! He comes with clouds descending
 Once for favoured sinners slain,
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Hallelujah !

Christ appears on earth again.
 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful Majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

They who loved Him and expected
 Now his joy and glory share ;
 All His saints by man rejected,
 Rise to meet Him in the air !
 Hallelujah !

Lo ! the Son of God is there !
 Yea, amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal Throne ;
 Saviour, bow all hearts before Thee,
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :
 Hallelujah !
 Come, and make Thy glories known !

ADVENT.

40

† *The Conqueror of Death.*

6

WE sing His love who once was slain,
 Yet soon from death revived again;
 His love who came mankind to save,
 And victory grant them o'er the grave :
 O, when He comes once more, may we
 His face with heavenly rapture see !

The saints who now in Jesus sleep
 His own Almighty Power shall keep,
 Till dawns the bright eternal day,
 When death itself shall die away :
 O, in that glorious morn, may we,
 His face with heavenly rapture see !

What songs of joy His name shall praise,
 When He with love divine shall raise
 His saints from beds of silent clay
 To realms of everlasting day !
 O, when those songs break forth, may we
 His face with heavenly rapture see !

41

† *The Judgment.*

878747.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound ! .

See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine !
 Ye who watch for His appearing
 Then shall in His glory shine :
 Gracious Saviour !
 Own me in that day for Thine !

ADVENT.

Then to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,
See the kingdom I bestow :
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

42

† *The Coming Day.*

L.M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

O ! on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !
Amen.

43

† *The End of Time.*

8787887.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds : the graves restore
The dead which they contained before :
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet Him.
Great God! what do I see and hear
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass;
And thus prepare to meet Him!

Christmas.

† *The Angels' Song.*

CHRISTMAS.

With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
Hark ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see ;
Hail ! Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel !
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
Hail ! the Heavenly Prince of Peace !
Hark ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !

5

Birth of Christ.

7s.

BORN to bless us, born to save !
Praise His name with joyful breath !
Sing through life, nor fear the grave !
Jesus lives to conquer death !

Every birth is changed from hence ;
Each may take a pathway bright,
Reaching soon the tomb, but thence
Issuing in unfading light.

Humblest cradles now shall show,
Clearly show to loving eyes,
Oft while tears of rapture flow,
Flowerets born for Paradise.

Parents now shall sink to rest,
Hoping soon to clasp in heaven,
Lovely as a seraph blest,
Every child whom God hath given.

CHRISTMAS.

Parents, children, young and old,
If but strong in faith and love,
Shall, with gratitude untold,
Oft foretaste the joys above.

Lowly Babe of Bethlehem !
Glorious Lord of Life and Light !
Humble Branch of Jesse's stem !
God ! Thy grace is infinite !

46

The Infant Saviour.

85

HARK ! a seraph host are singing
Sweetly in the sky ;
Blissful news to mortals bringing,
Praising God on high !
'Mid their flocks the shepherds hear,
Gaze, and muse with holy fear ;
Haste to Bethlehem ; far and near
Spread a joyous cry !

'Tis to open sweet communion
'Twixt the Earth and Skies ;
'Tis to bind all hearts in union
Christ an Infant lies !
Gaze upon that placid brow,
And, while ye admiring bow,
Holy Love to cherish vow,
Till all discord dies.

Songs of grateful adoration
Sing, rejoicing sing !
Praise aloud for the salvation
Jesus comes to bring !

CHRISTMAS.

Soon those Infant lips shall tell
Truth, which whoso ponders well,
And believes, shall ever dwell
With our God and King.

O ! let every heart adore Him !
Peace and Love o'erflow !
Anger, Hatred, sink before Him
To your depths below !
Be no sound beneath the sky,
Be no glance from mortal eye,
Be no thought, no feeling nigh,
Brethren should not know.

7

† *Christians, awake.*

6 of 10.

CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Come to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above :
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, " Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth ;
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
Hymns of joy unknown before conspire ;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang ;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth and unto men goodwill.

may we keep and ponder in our
 's wondrous love in saving lost ma
 e we the Babe, who hath retrieved
 m the poor manger to the bitter cr
 id in His steps, and still His grace
 man's first-heavenly state return o
 n may we hope, th' angelic hosts a
 oin, redeem'd, a glad triumphant t
 that was born upon this joyful day
 und us all His glory shall display :
 ed by his love, incessant we shall s
 rnal praise to heaven's Almighty F

48

Joy and Love.

LINKED in the bond of
 Let all with sacred mi
 Lift up one song of praise and b
 While pondering Jesu's birt
 From age to age this day
 That shall be remembered for

CHRISTMAS.

And love, rekindled thus,
Was fraught with good profound ;
The festal day knit heart to heart,
And spread pure joys around.

Alas ! too oft 'twas stained
With evils, and is still !
But O ! let us hold fast the good,
And hate and shun the ill.

Let all to-day be peace,
And love, and holy joy ;
And earth's sad needs by kindly deeds
To abate, our blest employ.

9

† *The Midnight Song.*

D.C.M.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
“ Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King : ”
O would that every ear could hear
By faith those angels sing !

With what dark woes of sin and strife
Mankind have suffered long !
Since that seraphic strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong !
And men at war with men hear not
The love-song which they bring :
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing !

O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling year
Shall come the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back to
Which now the angels sing.

0

† *The ends of Christ's birth.*

IN grateful rapture to the skies
Let every heart to-day arise,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the time proclaim
When Jesus from His glory came
To bless the sons of earth.

CHRISTMAS.

He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.

1

† *The Poverty of Jesus.*

C.M.

O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below ;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe !

Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our souls relief,
And to redeem us died !

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

If, pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O may Thy Spirit whisper near
How poor a lot was Thine !

Through scenes however various
From sin preserve us free ;
Thou hast a mourner been with us ;
May we rejoice with Thee !

E

THOUGH rude winds usher thee
 Though clouds thy face deform
 Though nature's grace be swept away
 Before thy sleety storm,
 Even in thy sombrestr wintry vest,
 Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Not frigid air nor gloomy morn
 Shall check our jubilee;
 Bright is the day when Christ was born
 No sun need shine, but He:
 Let roughest winds their coldest blow
 With love of Him our hearts shall glow
 Through Him, O Father, born anew
 Thy children once again,
 Each day with grace our souls endure
 That Thine we may remain,
 And, angel-like, may all agree,
 One sweet and holy family.

And ever, as this joyous morn
 Reminds of Jesu's love,
 May many a stricken heart forlorn
 Draw comfort from above;
 And, kindled by celestial rays,
 Its sighs exchange for songs of praise.

See also Hymns 462, 463.

Epiphany.

53

The Star.

C.M.

SWEET is the Light, whate'er it be,
That leads us to the Lord ;
And sure are they, who seek His face,
To find their great reward.

A Star once led a chosen few
To gaze with raptured heart
Upon the Infant Saviour's form,
And costliest gifts impart.

More blest are we, although not led
To Him we worship thus :
The Star is gone ; the risen Sun
Reveals Himself to us.

O may His beams yet dearer grow,
Till ours be that bright crown
Received where He for ever shines,
A Sun that goes not down !

54

Gifts of the Wise Men.

L.M.

THE eastern sages sought their Lord,
While loving arms His form could fold ;
And, freely as their hearts adored,
Gave myrrh and frankincense and gold.

They knew the promised Infant King,
Though mean His dwelling, and confest ;
Nor would they other tribute bring
Than sweetest, costliest, and best.

With willing hands and grateful h
The best Thy bounteous love ha

† *Divine Guidance.*

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light ;
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth ador
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring

EPIPHANY.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down :
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

56

† *Past and Present Light.*

C.M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode :
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

O haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey ;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
To Him thy destined way.

Take thou that way as best for thee,
While grace on earth is given ;
And thou shalt soon thy Saviour see,
Adore and serve in heaven.

57

† *Christ's Reign on Earth.*

76767676.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !

E 2

EPIPHANY.

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness shall flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing, and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

Am

Cent.

8

Flesh and Spirit.

7s.

WORTHY though the spirit be
O'er the flesh to reign supreme,
Weak her sway, apart from Thee,
Saviour, who didst both redeem.

O, then, help me from above ;
Yea, descend, and in me dwell,
Quickening, strengthening, until love
Each rebellious passion quell.

Ever temperate, ever pure,
Meet for Thy most holy place,
Where rejoice Thy saints mature,
Make and keep me by Thy grace.

So the soul indeed shall be
O'er the humbler flesh supreme ;
And for Thee shall both be free,
Saviour, who didst both redeem.

9

The fixed Heart.

C.M.

MY heart, O God, my heart is fixed
To do Thy holy will ;
But frailties, failings, sins are mixed
With all my service still !

I see Thy precepts wise and good,
And each in mercy given ;
Though to fulfil them as I should,
Too faintly have I striven.

Believe I love Thee still.

0

Turn ye, turn ye.

LORD, have any fallen so low,
That no promise can restore
No bright hope win them to know
Light and life and joy once more
Can there here be hearts so cold
Not by even redeeming love
May they now be touched, contrite
And reclaimed for bliss above
O forbid it, gracious Lord !
Still Thy wanderers pitying see
Thy Good Spirit's help accord,
And let each return to Thee.
Let the feeblest hence depart,
Strong once more to strive wi

LENT.

It comes from the eternal Fount
Of pity for distress ;
And fain would lead thee to the Mount
Of Calvary, and bless.

Think not of God as armed alone
His vengeance to fulfil ;
But hear him say in gentle tone,
“ I am thy Father still.”

In the fair garden Adam heard
His voice, and, filled with dread,
He pictured Him a Judge, and, stirred
With pangs of conscience, fled.

The Prodigal, 'mid wants and fears,
Remembered he had spurned
A loving Father, and in tears
Of penitence returned.

If thou hast been the Prodigal,
In riot and excess,
O yield this day to Mercy's call,
And Mercy yet shall bless !

2

God a Father.

S.M.

GREAT Father of our race !
A Father's heart is Thine :
Each contrite child wilt thou embrace,
Who trusts Thy Love Divine.

Thou art the Source of all
Affections sweet below :
Whate'er we fond and tender call,
From Thee alone doth flow.

Shall seek the Lord in vain
 We will draw near to Thee
 Through Thy beloved Son
 Nor dread Thine eye, though
 And Thou the Righteous
 Great Father of our race
 A Father's heart is Thine
 Thy contrite children now embrace
 And bless with Love Divine

63

Habits.

AS thy habits are, my soul,
 Art thou strong for good
 Firm be o'er them thy control
 One with God's thy
 Slowly gaineth each its might
 Like the long-enduring oak
 Then they are as armour bright

LENT.

O believe that thou may'st rise,
Whatsoe'er depress thee now,
Till no seraph in the skies
Be more blest than thou.

God, in whom I move and live,
By Thy grace each day renewed,
And by all that power can give,
Make me strong for good.

64

† *Sincerity in Prayer.*

D.C.M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore:
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly Thine:
May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

65

† *Remember Me.*

C.M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

Remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and g
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind re.
Good Lord, remember me.

And O! when in the hour of dea
I bow to Thy decree,
Jesus, receive my parting breath :
Good Lord, remember me.

66

The Voice within.

DOES one small voice within thy
Bid thee to God return ?
O bow to Mercy's soft controul,
And all that hinders spurn !
If God had yet forsaken thee,
That voice had ceased to speak

LENT.

Look up, and breathe a contrite prayer
With faith to God above :
His Love forbids thee to despair,
And yield, O yield to Love !

The Intercessor.

5 of 10.

THAT in word, in spirit, and in deed,
Almighty Father, I could live to Thee !
That, from sin's dark thrall for ever freed
His heart could more anticipate the need
It hopes to reap throughout eternity !
That I am weak, and sinful, Lord, as weak ;
To-day's resolve to-morrow melts away ;
I need Thy help, yet all too coldly seek !
Let Thy Spirit in my bosom speak,
Revealing both my wants, and how to pray !
What shall I plead with Thee ? a contrite path
Through the dark pilgrimage of future years ?
The poor mourner give Thee all he hath,
Wilt Thou not stay Thy too deserved wrath,
And grant the prayer of penitential tears ?
Jesus, I trust in Thee ! that boundless grace,
Which prompted Thee to bear the sinner's part,
Now moves Thee still, before Thy Father's face,
To plead his cause : so in Thy hands I place
My prayer for holiness of life and heart.

3

For the Heedless.

C.M.

HOW blest, if now the voice of song
Should move some heart to pray
For joys that to Thy saints belong,
And cast false joys away !

F

May wake the sleeper mighty,
On Truth sublime to gaze :

To gaze until its power be felt,
All idle dreams above ;
And so the softened spirit melt
In penitence and love.

O Father ! wield Thy mercy's strength
Vouchsafe Thy grace divine,
Till each, yet heedless here, at length
Be Thine, for ever Thine !

69

Gethsemane and Calvary.

WHEN comes the Tempter, may
O suffering Saviour, turn to !
And clearly still by faith descry
Gethsemane and Calvary.

LENT.

My heart to Thee shall still be true,
 Shall swell with grateful love to Thee,
 If Thou wilt aid mine eye to view
 Gethsemane and Calvary.

0

Holy Habits.

7575.

SLOWLY fashioned, link by link,
 Slowly waxing strong,
 Till the spirit never shrink,
 Save from touch of wrong ;
 Holy habits are our wealth,
 Golden, pleasant chains,
 Passing earth's prime blessing, health,
 Endless, priceless gains.
 Holy habits give us place
 With the noblest, best,
 All most Godlike of our race,
 And with Seraphs blest.
 Holy habits are our joy,
 Wisdom's happy ways,
 Yielding good without alloy,
 Lengthening too our days.
 Brethren, let us, night and morn,
 Let us, noon and even,
 Seek them, till our souls be born,
 Without stain, in Heaven !

1

Divine Goodness.

L.

IT were unmeasured bounty, Lord,
 Didst Thou a life of changeless love
 And faultless purity reward
 With peace below and bliss above.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

Much without me tempts astray
Much within—yea, all is frail :
Save as Thou dost grace display,
Every power I own must fail.

Take then, Lord, Thy rightful place
More, yet more within my heart
And, through all this earthly race,
Guide, sustain me, ne'er depart.

Ne'er depart, for Jesu's sake,
Till this fleeting life be o'er :
Then, amidst Thy jewels make
Me Thine own for evermore.

Many of the following hymns on the Passion are
for this Season.

Hymns on the Passion

75

The suffering Saviour.

HEAVY and dark the clouds o'erhung
Thy languid, agonizèd gaze,
Whom circling seraphs oft had strung
Their harps to praise

Around Thee were the impious jest,
And laugh, and taunt, and look of
Above, a God whose smile had blest
But left forlorn !

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

And didst Thou meekly yield Thy breath
In such dread loneliness for me?
Die, that I might not taste of death,
But live with Thee?

Didst Thou endure that God should hide
His face from Thee in wrath awhile,
That I might evermore abide
Beneath His smile?

O Saviour! one more boon alone
Vouchsafe now Thou art gone above;
This heart make utterly Thine own,
And fill with love!

76

The Cross.

78.

WEAKE, to suffer; strong, to save!
Lo, on the amazing Cross
Jesus triumphs o'er the grave,
And retrieves each human loss!

Pardon there is won for crime,
Peace for bosoms torn with strife,
For the mourner joys sublime,
For the dying blissful life!

Life, eternal as the Throne
Of the everlasting God,
Now is each believer's own,
Through the atoning precious blood.

O how strong is Love Divine!
Human praise how poor and weak!
Lord, our hearts, our souls are Thine:
Let adoring silence speak!

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

} *Glory and Shame.*

O SAVIOUR, lend us wings of love
And faith this day to soar above
And there enthroned behold
The Father's glory in earth and skies

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

Dying upon a Cross of shame
For sins of every hue and name,
 That call for Heaven's dread curse !
Dying for creatures of His hands,
Who trampled on His own commands,
 And stained His universe !

Dying, that men, deserving woe
None but the lost for ever know,
 May freely be forgiven ;
And in that deeply piercèd side
May all their sins and sorrows hide ;
 Then swell the songs of heaven !

Incarnate God ! before Thy Cross,
And, counting all beside as loss,
 We pray with strong desire,
That Thou, in Thine unmeasured grace,
Wouldst make these souls Thy dwelling-place,
 And love profound inspire !

79

The loneliness of Jesus.

L.M.

DEAR is the eye of earthly love,
And soothing oft her whispered breath,
When o'er us roll the clouds above
 The vale of death.

But Heaven's bright smile, and words of grace,
Such solace to the breast convey,
They seem to gild the clouds, or chase
 Them quite away.

Incarnate Lord ! no cheering smile
From earth or heaven, nor soothing tone,
Thy dreary anguish might beguile :
 Thou died'st alone !

~ Thy me for us to g
 Who died'st a death of :
 That we in bliss might
 We cannot comprehend
 Thy love was pleased t
 O Lamb of God, we onl
 That all our hopes are
 Thy feet the path of suf
 Thy hands the victory
 What shall we render to
 For all that He hath
 Jesu ! our hearts before
 Which Thou didst ble
 Let not Thy bitter agon
 For us have been in vi

81

† *Grateful Faith*

WHEN I survey the wo
 On which the Prince
 My richest gain I count bu

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

82

† *Our Solemn Litany.*

D. 7s.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!
By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of wants and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn, a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!
By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

83

† *True Happiness.*

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me !
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.
Thee with loving heart to know,
Is our highest joy below ;
Thee to see, the while we love,
Will be perfect bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows ;
Peace and happiness are Thine :
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

84

† *Gethsemane.*

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring, at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
"It is finished!" hear the cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay
All in solitude and gloom :
Who hath taken Him away ?
"Christ is risen!" He meets our eyes ;
Saviour, grant us so to rise.

85

† *The Sinner's Hope.*

L.M.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride ;
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, God is love ;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup ;

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light :
G

U - - - , now go
In heaven and
There angels at Thy
Here babes Thy g
When glorious in the
Thy moon and star
O what is man ! I wo
To be so loved by T
To Him Thou hourly
New mercies from o
Didst quit Thy Throne
For him in pain to d
Close to Thine own brig
His favoured path is
And all beside are servin
That he may serve his
O Lord, how good, how
In heaven and earth th
There angels at Thy foots
Here babes Thy

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and-awful, who is He ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth trembling at His doom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
By Heaven promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry,
Breathed to Heaven in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep,
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
" Lord ! they know not what they do ! "
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

By the conquests He hath won,
By the saints before His Throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

88

† *The Man of Sorrows.*

BEHOLD despised the man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whom He bears the bitter scorn,
The shameful robe, the scourge, the thor

All we like sheep have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way;
But He the path of suffering trod,
And humbly kissed affliction's rod,
To lead our stricken souls to God.

O let us cast each vice away;
Beneath the cross each passion slay;
With grateful and adoring eye
Behold the Saviour lifted high,
And strive to serve Him perfectly.

89

† *It is finished.*

8

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
Blest the word, though rocks be rending
And at mid-day dark the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

O what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord ;
“ It is finished ! ”
Let all hearts the truth record.

Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs !
Chant His praises, spread His fame ;
All in earth and all in heaven
Join the triumph to proclaim :
“ It is finished ! ”
Glory to Emmanuel's name !

90

The Entombed Saviour.

6 of

HOW small, yet how impassable the stream
Betwixt the dead and every human foe !
One little hour, and all that hate could dream
Of ill was mingled in Thy cup of woe !
But, sweet release !

Thou sleepest now in peace !
And pain, or grief, or fear, no more shalt know.

Thou sleepest who, once in a manger laid,
O deep descent ! wert shrouded by the gloom
Of the chill midnight : now Thy bed is made,
Still lower depth ! within the darksome tomb :
But 'tis the last :
Each sorrow now is past :
Angels shall soon Thy lonely cell illumine.

G 2 _

A WAKE, ar
Lift up b
The Lord is risen!
Let heaven and
In vain the Cross
To triumph over
He died to conquer, l
Raise high the ra
Now, Death, thy
Yea, changed to g
Fresh thoughts awake,
Beyond the sh

EASTER.

There would we ever gaze
On Him whom here we know ;
And there His name for ever praise,
To whom all good we owe.
O sing ! adoring sing !
Lift up both heart and voice !
The Lord is risen ! the Lord is King !
Let Heaven and earth rejoice !

92

† *The Triumph.*

7s.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,	Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holyday ;	Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the cross,	Hallelujah !
Suffer to retrieve our loss.	Hallelujah !
Hymns of praise then let us sing,	Hallelujah !
Unto Christ our heavenly King ;	Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave,	Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save.	Hallelujah !
By the pains which He endured	Hallelujah !
Our salvation was procured :	Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King,	Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing	Hallelujah !

93

† *The Battle Won.*

4 of 7.

“CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,”
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your songs of triumph high ;
Sing, ye heavens ; and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

Where thy victor

Soar we now when
Following our exal
Made like Him, lik
Ours the cross, the

Glory to the Father
Holy Spirit, Three i
As it was, is now, sh
In His own eternity.

94

Death Cong

SHALL I fear, O earth
Shrink and faint to
Whence the fragrant, lo
Springs to gladden ea

Whence the tree, the br
Soft clouds floating in
All fair things come
Of "

EASTER.

No, fair earth ! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be ;
And through Him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee.

95

† *Captivity led Captive.*

666688.

THE happy morn is come :
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Surety died ?
Who shall their souls condemn,
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;
On Him our help is laid ;
By Him our victory won :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

96

† *The Saviour Lives.*

L.M.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high ;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives, eternally to save.

And let your hearts
Jesus, your Saviour
Now to the Father
Who victory o'er
And to the Holy
All praise on earth

97

The Resurrection

AS on I pass along
To the one silent
Thy Word, the Lamp
Casts a mild gleam
Cheered by its light, now
In Thee to raise what
In new-born power and
To which ere long 't
My soul believes Thy
Looks oft beyond the
And sees

EASTER.

98

† *Our Paschal Lamb.*

7s.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again ;
 Christ hath broken every chain ;
 Hark, angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Hallelujah !

He who gave for us His life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
 We, too, sing for joy, and say,
 Hallelujah !

He who bore all pain and loss,
 Lone, forsaken, on the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry ;
 Hallelujah !

He who slumbered in the grave
 Is exalted now to save ;
 Now through heaven and earth it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings.
 Hallelujah !

Now He bids His church record
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we all may enter heaven.
 Hallelujah !

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed :
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 That we all may sing for aye,
 Hallelujah !

See also Hymn 466.

ASCEND,
No more
And strike, ye ser
Of sweetest

Tell of His lo
His suffering,
His finished work o
And hail your

No theme that
Your praise in f
No light of love that
Even there, can

O crown Him K
Exalt the Might
Till Heaven's wide res
To spread His fa

Ye will behold I
And power
P

ASCENSIONTIDE.

100

† *The King of Glory.*

7s.

HAIL! the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah!
 Glorious to His native skies! Hallelujah!
 Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hallelujah!
 Enters now the highest heaven. Hallelujah!

There the glorious triumph waits: Hallelujah!
 Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!
 Christ has vanquished death and sin, Hallelujah!
 Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

Lo! the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!
 Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
 Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

101

Ascend, Triumphant Lord.

S.M.

TO Thine own peaceful skies
 Ascend, triumphant Lord!
 And with Thee let our hearts arise,
 And songs in sweet accord.

Earth was no place for Thee;
 No home wherein to dwell;
 But war's dread field, till victory
 Was won o'er Death and Hell.

Ascend, then, Lord of Life!
 We joy that all is o'er;
 The griefs, the pangs, the deadly strife;
 But yet—return once more!

We need Thee in the skies,
 To plead for us, and give
 The Light Divine, whence error dies,
 And truth and gladness live.

Ó come, Thou

† *The*

THOU who didst
 To drain the
 And wear the form of fra
 Thy blessed labour
 Thy crown of victo
 Hast passed from earth; pe
 It was no path of fl
 Through this dark w
 Beloved of the Father, Thou
 And shall we, in disn
 Shrink from the narr
 When clouds and darkness
 O Thou, who art our
 Be with us through t
 Thy own meek head by rude
 Raise Thou our eyes
 To see a Father's lo
 Beam. like

ASCENSIONTIDE.

103

† *The Crown.*

C.M.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right ;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Wbitsuntide.

104

† *For the Spirit.*

D.S.M.

LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like rushing, mighty wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light, explore
Our gloom, and chase away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide :
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

WHITSUNTIDE.

105

The Comforter.

65656665.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Mercies revealing ;
 Make every heart Thy home ;
 Quickened its feeling :
 Then shall our songs ascend,
 Breathing glad love, and blend
 With notes that never end,
 Through Heaven pealing.

Come, like the morning light,
 Tranquilly beaming,
 Chasing the shades of night,
 Waking the dreaming :
 So the sweet peace from Thee
 Shall for the spirit free
 Like a calm river be
 Ceaselessly streaming.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
 Thou that delightest
 Gladness to give for gloom,
 And all invitest :
 Let every mourner go
 Where healing waters flow,
 And love and pleasure know
 Purest and brightest.

106

† *The Inward Light.*

7775.

HOLY Spirit, Fount of Light !
 In Thy goodness infinite,
 Shine upon our nature's night,
 Comforter Divine !

π 2

WHITSUNTIDE.

Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
To Thine own subdue our will,
Sacred Truth unfolding still ;
Comforter Divine !

Daily for us intercede ;
And where utterance fails us, plead,
As Thou only canst, our need ;
Comforter Divine !

In us, Abba Father, cry ;
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality ;
Comforter Divine !

Guide us ever in the road,
Which the Saviour taught and trode,
Till we reach Thy blest abode ;
Comforter Divine !

107

† *Light, Life, and Love.*

77775777.

HOLY Spirit, gently come ;
Raise us to a pure estate ;
Fix Thy everlasting home
In the hearts Thou didst create !
Gift of God most High !
Visit every troubled breast ;
Light and Life and Love supply ;
Give our spirits perfect rest !

Heavenly unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Fountain, Life, and Fire of love,
Hear and answer our complaints !

WHITSUNTIDE.

Nothing will we fear,
Though by tempests tost and driven,
While we feel Thy presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.

Come, thy quickening influence bring ;
On our spirits gently move ;
Every tongue inspire to sing
Jesu's everlasting love :
Lighten every heart ;
Chase our darkness all away ;
Peace and joy to each impart ;
Lead us into perfect day.

108

† *The Source of Holiness.*

8684.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

'Tis His, that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee. Amen.

109

Living Waters.

L.M.

O FATHER, oft from Thee we stray,
To quench our burning thirst, and grieve
No stream to find, while waters play
Around the very home we leave.

Illume our souls, in grace benign,
Till each discern with grateful eye
Beneath Thy beams, O Light Divine !
The fresh pure waters ever nigh :

Sweet streams that flow from Zion's Hill ;
And life, and health, and strength impart ;
Oft wakening songs where grief was still,
And smiles where suffering wept apart.

O may those streams more precious be !
More prized than in the lonely wild
The well-spring it was her's to see,
Who wept a fainting, dying child !

110

Light of the Spirit.

7775.

L ORD, to know Thee is to live
Calmly, in a shrine of peace :
O ! that Light celestial give,
And each day increase !

Lord, to know Thee is to love,
Trust, obey, admire, adore :
O ! illume us from above,
Ever, more and more !

WHITSUNTIDE.

From that primal gift of grace
Ssprings our sweetest good below ;
And, when past this mortal race,
Thence will rapture flow.

Where no Sun nor Moon may shine,
Where is neither Day nor Night,
Bliss beyond all thought divine
Comes from changeless Light.

Light then, O our Father, give ;
Earth's most holy Source of peace ;
And, till in Thy heaven we live,
Light each day increase !

111

Praise by the Spirit.

L.M.

'TIS sweet in fervent grateful lays
To hymn Thy mercies, Lord ; and yet,
How weak must ever be the praise,
Which flows but to increase the debt !

Not all Thy countless gifts of love
Could these our frozen bosoms melt,
Unless Thy Spirit from above
Came down to make that bounty felt.

We need that beams of grace divine
Should chase the dismal shades of night ;
We need not less those beams should shine
To kindle gratitude for light.

O Lord our God, we hope to soar,
And with Thine angels chant ; and yet,
Even there, when we shall praise Thee more,
Each song will but increase the debt !

TRINITY SUNDAY.

112

† *Creator Spirit.*

6 of

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were *laid*
Come, visit every humble mind,
And pour Thy joy on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Our frailty help, our vice controul,
And calm the passions of the soul:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for the world's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
O blessed Comforter, to Thee.

See also Hymns 439 and 467.

Trinity Sunday.

113

† *The Holy Trinity.*

P.M

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful as Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the gla
sea,

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not s
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and s
and sea ;

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful as Mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity !

114

The Holy Trinity.

P.

HOLY, holy, holy ! Father, Son, and Spirit !
Maker, Saviour, Living Light ! accept our feel
praise ;

Holy, holy, holy ! when we heaven inherit,
We through endless ages worthier songs will rai

Holy, holy, holy ! we in love created,
Ransomed, and illumined, would lift our hearts abo
Be all good our glory, be all evil hated,
And our grateful bosoms ever filled with love.

Holy, holy, holy ! grant that we, who, seeing
Still but darkly, bow us down in deep humility,
May in light supernal, all the darkness fleeing,
See for ever clearly, glorious Trinity !

O FATH
 'Tis g
If Thou for
 Thy Holy
O Son of G
 To lose thi
Shall yet be g
 If Thine w
O Spirit, Holy
 Of life, o'er
We triumph, a
 If Thou with
Accept our than
 For every goo
And every hope
 Most blessed !

116

My Lord c
THOU bidd'st me
 With ev

TRINITY SUNDAY.

And may I come, nor doubt to find
The peace, the rest, I crave in Thee ?
Sufficing good for soul and mind,
Through time, and through eternity ?
Yes, Jesus, unto Thee I turn ;
On Thee will rest with grateful heart ;
And every other trust will spurn ;
Because—my Lord, my God, Thou art !

117

† *Holy, Holy, Holy.*

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.

“ Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
“ Earth is with its fulness stored
“ Unto Thee be glory given,
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
“ Holy, holy, holy,” singing,
“ Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High ! ”

With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”

... grace, accept
The praises of a thank

O Jesu, set at God's right
With Thine eternal Father
For all Thy loyal-hearted
Who still on earth Thy
For them in weakness still
And through the world till

O Holy Spirit, Fount of life
Whose comforts never fail
Vouchsafe the life that kne
Vouchsafe the light that
And grant that we through
May share Thy gifts and sin

119

† Father, Saviour

LEAD us! Heaven!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread the earth before us ;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe :
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

[20

† *Praise to the Trinity.*

3 of 8.

O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored ;
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

O Son of ' God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O holy, blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God, exalted be.

Amen.



CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

121

† *Sinners before the Throne.*

1

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty God, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Amen.

Creation and Preservation.

122

Eden.

6 of 8.

TO walk with Thee ; to trace Thy skill,
And power, and love, in all around ;
To serve Thee, praise, adore, and still
New glories trace, new praise resound ;
For this in Eden's fair abode
Was man first placed when all was good.

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

Eden is lost ; but O the love,
That doth yet more than all repair !
A happier Eden blooms above,
And Jesus calls and guides us there ;
Pointing to fruits on high that grow
Lovelier than all that lured below.

O God, when scenes of beauty thrill
Our bosoms here ; when we awake
At morn to mark fresh love and skill,
And joys from glorious skies partake ;
O may, through all, our spirits see
That Home which needs no Light but Thee !

123

The Lord is King.

S.M.

THE Lord our God is King ;
His Rule, His Name is Love :
Let earth with Hallelujahs ring,
And heaven respond above !

His counsels He may keep
Hidden from mortal sight ;
His ends may be a soundless deep ;
But all He wills is Right.

Never shall wrong prevail,
Whate'er His foes may do :
His word is given, and shall not fail ;
For all He saith is True.

Dread storms may mark His path ;
Darkness may o'er it brood ;
The round world shake as with His wrath ;
But all He doth is Good :

And earth with Ha
And heaven re

124

† *Divine Power*

BEFORE Jehovah's
Ye nations bow
Know that the Lord is
He can create, and I
His sovereign power, w
Made us of clay, and
And when like wanderi
He brought us to His
We'll crowd Thy gates w
High as the heavens o
And earth, with her ten
Shall fill Thy courts wi
Wide as the world is Thy
Vast as eternity Thy lo
Firm as a rock Thy truth
When rolling

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

The unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

126

Divine Bounty.

S.M.

HOW bounteous is our God !
He showers His gifts on all :
As widely as the beams of day
His various mercies fall.

The sinful, by His grace,
He would to life restore ;
The righteous, to inflame with love,
He blesses more and more.

100000
CENTRE ST WOODFALL A
MILFORD LANE STRAN.

... he will m.
Our every

O brethren,
On each ret
Sing praise, and t
Long as you

127

The Div

THY Hand, O F
And life's gre
Hath kept me thro
And ne'er forsake

Thy Hand my every
Spreads light and
And oft-times opens
Where else were a

Thy Hand sometimes
But still in tender
That I +

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

128

Call to Universal Praise.

7s.

SING, ye seraphs in the sky ;
Let your loftiest praises flow ;
Swell the song with raptures high,
All ye sons of men below.

With one soul, one heart, one voice,
Heaven and earth alike we call
In His praises to rejoice,
Who is past the praise of all.

Night and day His goodness tell :
Earth, and sun, and moon, and star,
Winds and waves that sink and swell,
Ceaseless spread His fame afar.

Every living thing His hands,
Which first made, sustain, supply :
Wide o'er all His love expands
As the vast embracing sky.

Sin, which strove that love to quell,
Woke yet more its wondrous blaze ;
Eden, Bethlehem, Calvary, tell,
More than all beside, His praise.

Sing, ye seraphs, in the sky ;
Let your loftiest praises flow ;
Swell the song with raptures high,
All ye sons of men below.

129

Praise for all good.

C.M.

ETERNAL Source of good untold,
Adored in worlds of bliss,
Let none their grateful praise withhold
For countless gifts in this.

Like silver stars that
Ere breaks the golde
For faith and love, for
For converse sweet
Let praise our hearts :
With ceaseless melo

130

Beauty a

ON this fair earth swe
Bright insects spo
Through all the air, the
Beauty and joy untold

On this fair earth glad
And old and young the
With quenchless hope ;
Pure pleasures to unnu

Yet, mingled with the
Are evils dark, and su

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

131

Life the gift of God.

7s.

LIFE, O Father, is from Thee :
 All is good that Thou dost give :
 Till the boon recalled we see,
 We will thank Thee that we live.
 Here we may grow ripe for heaven ;
 Grow in trust, and hope, and love ;
 Here partake sweet foretastes given
 Of the joys past thought above.
 Ties are here, too, hard to break,
 Till Thy righteous will decree,
 As for the green leaf to take
 Flight spontaneous from the tree.
 But, Thou God of Love, draw near ;
 Gently say—"Tis time to die ;
 And that whisper shall be dear
 As the raptures of the sky.

132

God is Love.

6 of 10.

IN heavens star-lighted at the midnight hour,
 In day's bright hues o'er earth, and sea, and sky,
 In the fair bow athwart the falling shower,
 In flowers and trees and streams ; whate'er the eye
 Delights to gaze upon, around, above ;
 One truth sublime is written, God is Love !
 So all within us by His bounty given ;
 These hearts oft moved with beauty, perfume, song ;
 These spirits soaring through a gorgeous heaven,
 Or diving ocean's coral caves among,
 Fleeter than darting fish, or startled dove ;
 All, all declare the same, that God is Love !

Cling to His Cross ;
Be that thy grasp
Thou shalt ascend to
In strains ecstatic,
Of saints and seraphs
Proclaim for evermore

133

The

O LOVE Divine
Thou Sea wit
One gift I crave, a
Be mine for ever

Thyself alone canst
O make Thy dwe
Nor grieved, nor an
But bear, my Fat

I plead the merits o
My Strength, my
I trust

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

O Love Divine ! Eternal Love !
Thou Sea without a shore !
For Jesu's sake, who pleads above,
Be mine for evermore !

134

The Heavenly Choir.

886886.

WHAT bliss to hear the seraph strain,
Which high above, in heaven's bright fane,
Extols the King of kings !
Ten thousand times ten thousand pour
Their praises, yet would praise Him more,
Each kindling as he sings !

'Tis loud and lofty harmony ;
Then—sweetest, softest, melody ;
Attuned to perfect love,
And joy that sin can never mar,
And peace serene as is the star
In evening skies above.

Meet praise of Him from whom have sprung
Unnumbered happy worlds, which, hung
On His sustaining might,
That heavenly choir admiring see,
As subject to His high decree
As is the sparrow's flight.

Meet praise of One who loves to hear
Glad songs from spirits pure, and dear
To Him, the Fount of Love ;
Who bears with even rebellious men,
And strives again and yet again
To draw their hearts above.

K

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

Sing on within your glorious fane !
Sing on until we join your strain !
Extol the King of kings !
And O ! may we whilst here adore,
And love, and praise Him more and more,
Each kindling as he sings !

135

† *Divine Greatness.*

5555656!

O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender !
Redeemer, and Friend !

O measureless might !
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

136

† *Divine Goodness crowns the Year.* L.M.

AT God's command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day ;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruits, and drest in flowers.

The desert grows a fruitful field ;
Abundant food the gardens yield ;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And echoing hills around rejoice.



HARK, my
Strives to
Each a double
Sings its part, &
Nature's chief a
Him with cheer.
Chanting every
While the grove
Though their voice
Streams too have
Night and day the
Never pause, but
All the flowers that
Hither their still
If Heaven bless the
Smell more sweet, and
Wake for shame, my
Wake, and gladly sing
Learn of him,

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

138

† *Security.*

C.M.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace :
O, be that refuge mine !

The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed :
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure on God.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine :
O child of God ! O glory's heir !
How rich a lot is thine !

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

139

† *The Author of Life.*

L.M.

ALMIGHTY Author of my frame !
To Thee my vital powers belong :
Thy praise, delightful, glorious theme,
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

My heart, my life, my tongue, are Thine :
O be Thy praise their blest employ !
But may that heavenly task be mine,
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy ?

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

Yes, the great Sovereign of the skies
To mortals lends a gracious ear ;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offered with a heart sincere.
Great God ! accept the humble praise,
And move my heart, inspire my tongue,
While to Thy name beloved I raise
My grateful, though unworthy song.

40

† *Praise for all Things.*

D. 7s.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !
Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son :
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In this concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

41

† *The Universal Song.*

C.M.

TO God let all created things
One song united raise ;
The mighty God, the King of kings,
Let all rejoice to praise !

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

Thou glorious sun, praise Him who dwells
Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
A spot as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye hosts of stars,
The universal song,
Through the serene and silent night,
To listening worlds prolong.

Ye countless distant worlds and suns,
From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us through ages past
Had time to make its way ;

Ye works of God that dwell unknown
Beneath the rolling main ;
Ye birds that sing among the groves,
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills that rear your heads,
And towering pierce the sky ;
Ye clouds that with an awful pace
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf,
Within its narrow sides,
A vast extended world displays,
And spacious realms provides ;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
The stagnant water teems,
To which one drop, however small,
A boundless ocean seems ;—

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great and small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and governs all.

... thou bless
With Thy smile
'Twas that still m
Homeward, hea

O how slowly have
Followed where
How Thy kindness
How Thy chaster
Yet, my Father, ne
In Thy grace forg
Still be with me, gui
Home unto Thysel

143

† *The Univers*

THE strain upraise of joy
To the glory of their
Shall the ransomed people
And the choirs that dwell o
Shall re-echo th

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your **Hallelujah.**

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing **Hallelujah.**

First let the birds with painted plumage
gay,

Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say **Hallelujah.**

Then let the beasts of earth with varying
strain

Join in creation's hymn, and cry again **Hallelujah.**

Here let the mountains thunder forth
sonorous, **Hallelujah.**

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, **Hallelujah.**

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry **Hallelujah.**

The tracts of earth and continents reply, **Hallelujah.**

To God, who all Creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid : **Hallelujah.**

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
Lord Almighty loves : **Hallelujah.**

This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ the King approves : **Hallelujah.**

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, **Hallelujah.**

And children's voices echo, answer making, **Hallelujah.**

CREATION AND PRESERVATION.

Now from all men be outpoured
Hallelujah to the Lord ;
With Hallelujah evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah

144

† *Book of Nature.*

THERE is a book, who runs may read
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

Thou, who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

* See end of Index.

Incidents in Christ's Life.

145

Jesus Wept.

8886.

THERE are some hours, my Saviour, when
The truth is more than ever dear,
That Thou, who shedd'st Thy blood for men,
For men couldst shed a tear.

The drops upon Thy piercèd side
Tokens of love untold supply ;
But pity is, methinks, descried
Best in Thy tearful eye.

The one proclaims that Thou couldst bear
For man the vengeance of the skies ;
The other, that with human care
Thy heart can sympathise.

Thy love is like the noontide beams,
O'erpowering oft with glorious light ;
Thy pity, like the softer gleams
Shed from the eye of night

Thy love illumines and cheers the soul,
That heav'nward mounts with fearless trust
Thy pity whispers to console
The mourner in the dust.

O, oft, until I soar on high,
Afar from griefs, and cares, and fears,
May faith discern with grateful eye
My Saviour moved to tears !

... when I
Than tongue may
O had she known,
To give Thee of th

That He, who mee
Was Jacob's King;
How quickly, kneel
Would she have pr

But ah ! though see
She knew Thee not
In one so weary, low
A God descended fr

And so she hasted ne
What Thou, O wond
A cup of water from
Of Thine own servan

'Tis ever thus : unskill
Arigh Thy greatness
Ev'n yet we de

INCIDENTS IN CHRIST'S LIFE.

O grant us grace to know Thee well,
And we will never more rebel ;
Show but Thy love with power divine,
Our hearts, souls, lives shall all be Thine !

147

† *Christ's Thankfulness.*

S.M.

THE Son of God gave thanks
Before the bread He broke :
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words He spoke !
Thanks, 'mid those troubled men :
Thanks, in that dismal hour :
The world's dark prince advancing then,
In all his rage and power.

Thanks, o'er the bread's dark sign :
Thanks, o'er that bitter food :
Thanks, o'er the cup that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.

And shall our griefs resent
What God appoints as best,
When He, in all things innocent,
Was yet in all distress ?

Shall we unthankful be,
With blessings all around,
When in that press of agony
Such room for thanks He found ?

O shame us, Lord !—whate'er
The fortunes of our days—
If suffering, we are weak to bear ;
If favoured, slow to praise.

L

1

AS OF THE SAVING —
It came, 'Tis I; be not a
And fears were cast as
That voice beside my dyi
Must whisper still, 'Ti
Or, filled with overwhelm
I dare not, cannot die
But let me those glad ac
And then, though thu
And lightnings flash o'e
Fearless I'll quit the

149

Christ Walking on

O SAVIOUR, when aro
The threatening bill
Preserve my heart fr
Give me to see that One,
His own who trust Him,
And so my Help is r

INCIDENTS IN CHRIST'S LIFE.

Then, Lord, my heart, no more afraid,
Shall rest, shall triumph in Thine aid,
And praise with joyful breath ;
Or, should it be the last still hour,
My soul shall feel her Saviour's power,
And rise, not sink, in death.

150

The Great Intercession.

C.M.

BY listening saints the prayer was heard,
Once offered, Lord, by Thee ;
"I pray for them who through their word
Shall hence believe in me."

Lord, we believe, though weak our faith,
And in our hearts would bear,
For hope through life, for peace in death,
That sacred, gracious prayer.

Lord, we believe : our grateful love
Accepts the promise free
Of pardon, comfort, bliss above,
To all who trust in Thee.

But oh ! do Thou our faith increase ;
Give yet more life and light ;
And pray, still pray, and never cease,
Till faith be lost in sight.

IN the ocean vast
Father, of Th
There are depths v
Where what erri
Discords, are, and
In sublimest harmo

By Thy Light withi
We descry that o
By the faith Thou do
Own that harmony
Far away each doubt
Fervent and adoring.

FAITH.

152

Solace in Faith.

A MIDST all Truth is there no balm for thee ?
Whate'er thy guilt, cast that dark fear away :
There is, there is what found and felt would be
Thy solace now, thy pledge of endless day.
There is a God : take comfort from the thought :
There is a God who loves : be soothed yet more :
His very name is Love ; and He hath bought
Thee for His heaven : believe it, and adore !
For thee He gave His own beloved Son ;
For thee that Son came freely down to die ;
Through Him God calls thee to Himself ; nor one
Was e'er rejected, who in faith drew nigh.
This word received, what joy would burst on thee !
O wake thee, mourner, and despair thou never :
Hope, pray, believe, until the shadows flee,
And Truth for thee has yielded bliss for ever !

153

The Great Invitation.

C.M.

IF now I yield myself to be
Of sin and sorrow healed,
Shall I ere long ascend to see
Thee and Thy heaven revealed ?
Lord, do I hear Thee bid me cast
My cares and fears away ;
And trust and love ; then soar at last
To realms of endless day ?
O wilt thou bliss supreme accord
In Thine own glorious sphere,
If I but trust Thee wholly, Lord,
To make me happy here ?

H ^{ELP} me, Lord,
Mindful of t
That the Hand whi
Clothes the lilies
Though they neither
Royal robes to the
Though they only de
All they need thro
Man is better than th
He can seek Thee,
Praise, adore Thee, w
Of unfading joys al
Lord, I cast my cares
In the Hand that do
For the flowerets of a
I will evermore confi

155

† *The Force of I*

F **FAITH** adds new joy
And saves us fr

The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give :
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

Faith draws aside the veil of heaven,
Where unknown glories reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there ;
Nor bids us seek in vain.

Faith holds to view the promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps our feeble hope to lean
Upon a faithful God.

There, there unshaken may we rest,
Till this frail body dies :
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise !

156

† *Plead for me !*

8886.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend,
Who, loving, lov'st him to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

FAITH.

And when my dying hour draws near,
Then, to preserve my soul from fear,
Lord, to my fading sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

157

† *Trust in God.*

S.M.

PUT thou thy trust in God ;
In duty's path go on ;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope ;
So shall thy work be done.
Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.
Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure ;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised aid is sure.
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear the way :
Wait thou His time ; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

158

Peace through Faith.

8787.

FAITH alone breathes calm devotion ;
Faith can see, all fear above,
Life's worst storm but sweeps an ocean
Of immeasurable love.
Doubt is fraught with care and sorrow,
Though bright gifts around may crowd :
Faith can, like the sunlight, borrow
Beauties from each earthborn cloud.

FAITH.

Doubt wakes fear in fairest weather;
Prompts to anxious, restless strife:
Faith and love repose together
Sweetly 'mid the storms of life.

Lord, be ours that calm devotion,
Which believes, all fear above,
Life's worst storm but sweeps an ocean
Of immeasurable love!

159

† *The Voyage of Life.*

S.M.

BEFORE us lies the land
Where Jesus reigns supreme;
Thither we voyage at His command;
And let us trust in Him.

The perils of the sea,
The rocks, the waves, the wind,
Are small, whatever they may be,
To those we leave behind.

Nor have we cause to fear;
The God who rules the sea
In every danger will be near,
And our Protector be.

Then, let the tempests roar;
The billows heave and swell;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore
Where all the ransomed dwell.

And when we gain the land,
How happy shall we be!
How shall we bless the mighty Hand
That led us through the sea!

He treasures up His
And works His
Ye fearful saints, fr
The clouds ye so
Are big with mercy,
In blessings on you
Judge not the Lord
But trust Him for
Behind a frowning
He hides a smiling
His purposes are ripen
Unfolding every hou
The bud may have a bi
But sweet will be th
Blind unbelief is sure
And scan His work
God is His own interp
And He will make it

FAITH.

How far from this our daily life,
So oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms !
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms !

We cannot trust Thee as we should,
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
Yet birds and flowers around us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace.

62

The Brightening Path.

C.M.

LIGHT brightens o'er the narrow way,
As onward still we tend ;
Sweet presage of the coming day,
When clouds and darkness end.

To thy sure Guide, my spirit, cleave
With prayer and holy strife ;
And thou shalt yet to beauty weave
The tangled threads of life.

If ever, mourning darksome days,
Perplexed, in fear, thou roam,
Look upward still, and wait the rays
That light the pilgrim home.

Wait on God, poor me
Thy sole Comforter
'Tis the Maker of the
'Tis the Sender of the
Can alone the balm in
Which shall yield the
Tell to man thy bitter
Thence may spring y
Tell them unto God wh
It may prove prevail
Weak to make the body
Of sore hurt is huma
But to heal the stricken
It for this is weaker
While, so great is God
That to hear His Tru
And to trust its words
This alone is to be he

FAITH.

We may not reach a distant shore ;
But fail before the sweeping blast :
So be it, Lord ! nor ask we more,
If Thou be with us to the last :
This, this shall chase the darkest gloom,
And timely make the earliest doom.

With Thee the voyage shall be sweet ;
Yet sweeter still shall be its end ;
Though lightnings flash, and thunders beat,
And waters roar, and rocks impend :
The very wreck that others shun,
To us shall be the haven won.

165

Redeeming Love.

8787.

CALMLY venture on the ocean
Of thy God and Saviour's love ;
Yield to Him thy heart's devotion
While He calls thee from above.

To His care thyself surrender,
Meek as were an infant child
On maternal bosom tender
Folded in a darksome wild.

Seek, await, desire none other,
Thee to save from every fear ;
And more kind than kindest mother
Shall thy guardian God appear.

He shall keep thee, He shall guide thee,
Never leave thee day or night ;
In the dark vale watch beside thee,
In the bright world be thy Light.

M

FAITH.

166

† *Calm Trust.*

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow shall betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
Sure that Thou wilt choose the best
If my spirit on Thee rest.
Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

167

† *Our Sure Defence.*

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home !
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same ;

FAITH.

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God ! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come ;
Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home !

168

Peace through Faith.

886886.

O SAVIOUR, calm and sweet is life,
When past the weary, restless strife
For prizes poor and vain ;
And faith unfeigned delights to own,
That Wisdom, Love, and Power alone
O'er all life's changes reign.

Yet who that knows what bliss awaits
Thine own beyond the heavenly gates,
Through Thee so strong to save,
Would shun the swift-approaching close
Of earthly good, and brief repose
Within the vanquished grave ?

O grant us more and more to prize
The joys transcendent of the skies,
And count all else but vain,
Compared with that immortal dower
From Thee, whose Wisdom, Love, and Power
O'er all life's changes reign.

FAITH.

169

My heart is fixed.

MY heart is fixed, O God !
My rest shall be in Thee ;
My joy shall be Thy name to laud ;
My hope Thy face to see.

I choose Thy will as mine,
And will all else eschew :
O Father, grant me strength divine,
Thy will to bear and do.

I need the gift I seek ;
For evil still is mixed
With best resolves ; and flesh is weak
Even when the heart is fixed.

Then, Lord, Thy grace impart ;
Help me in tender love ;
And onward guide, till home and heart
Alike be fixed above.

Amen.

170

I would not Live alway.

4

I WOULD not live alway : 'tis said in the hou
When pleasure hath sated, or sorrow oppre
The heart, scarcely knowing what thing hath the p
To yield what it longeth for, longeth for rest.

I would not live alway : 'tis said in the night
By the sufferer tossing, and wearied, and wor
With pain to which darkness seems worse than the
And yet he looks hopelessly onward to morn !

FAITH.

I would not live alway : O listen, ye gay !
And listen, ye victims of sorrow and pain !
'Tis the calm voice of faith and of love that can save
It is blessed to live, yet to die will be gain.
Would ye, too, as peacefully rest in the Lord ?
O call ye upon Him while yet He is nigh !
Confess Him, adore Him, confide in His word :
'Twere sweet then to live, but still sweeter to die
To live would be alway to love Him below,
And see Him though dimly from morning till eve
To die would but be to soar upward and go
Evermore to see clearly and love Him in heaven

171

God's Pleasure in His People.

8787.

SHALL I yield Jehovah pleasure,
I, created of the dust,
If I prize the priceless treasure
He prepareth for the just ;
If I hope in Him and fear Him,
As my Father and my Friend ;
And to serve Him, please, be near Him,
Count my joy, and make my end ?
Shall I yield Jehovah pleasure,
Throned amid the hosts august,
If His mercies passing measure
Peace inspire through loving trust ?
Peace, the earnest sweet of heaven ?
Heaven itself well nigh begun ?
Trust, that morning, noon, and even,
Cloudless sees the eternal Sun ?

M 2

Future things unf
Through the desert, whe
Let Thy counsels guide
Lead me not, for flesh is
Where fierce trials would
Leave me not, in darkene
To withstand the tempter
Lord ! uphold me day by
Shed a light upon my way
Guide me through perplex
Care for me in all my care
Should thy wisdom, Lord,
Trials long and sharp for n
Pain or sorrow, care or sha
Father ! glorify Thy name
Let me neither faint nor f
Feeling still that Thou art
In the course my Saviour
Tending still to Thee. mv

FAITH.

Such Thy grace, my Risen Lord,
This Thou callest me to do :
O then now Thy help accord,
And from day to day renew.

'Tis not Thou would'st have me fail
Of the one sweet balm of life ;
But that tempted, changeful, frail,
Yields my soul to care and strife.

Lend me, O my Saviour, lend
Grace divine, each morn and even,
Life, through loving trust, to spend
Calmly, as an heir of heaven.

174

Strength in Confidence.

8 of

THE soldier skilled in battle-fields hath learned
That fearless courage nerves him for the fight
And earthly laurels ever best are earned

By them who doubt not victory, in spite
Of fierce and mighty foes ; but bravely stand,
With eye unshrinking and untrembling hand,
Bent on one purpose ; firm resolved to win
Through bristling spear, and hurlèd javelin.

And he who reads of Jesse's son should know,
That strength to fight is in the warrior's breast ;
That weakest weapons shall defeat the foe,
In hands undaunted, that confiding rest,
Not in their armour, or their skill to wield,
Not in the hope the foe will quit the field ;
But on a righteous cause, and faithful word,
The cause of Truth, the promise of the Lord.

FAITH.

Courage, ye soldiers of the Cross! be strong!
Quit you like men, and lift your banners high!
Above the din of war even now the song,
The listening ear may catch, of victory;
The song of angel witnesses around,
And soldiers with the wreath of triumph crowned:
On, champions blest! tho' mingled with the slain,
Ye cannot lose if faithful; death were gain!

175

The Dove and the Ark.

L.M.

THE Dove from out the Ark of old
Away on fearless wings could fly,
Nor seek again that sheltering hold,
When skies were fair, and earth was dry.
Enough for her the woodlands wild,
The peaceful glade's reviving green;
And the bright sun that o'er her smiled,
As death and woe had never been.
Where'er she flew she found a home,
And there a peaceful nest could make;
And thence again could freely roam;
And everywhere sweet joys partake.
My soul! it is not so with thee!
The floods around still swell and flow:
Once from the Ark that shelters flee,
And whither, whither wilt thou go?

176

The Everlasting Arm.

C.M

I WILL not mourn my weakness, Lord,
Though alway felt it be;
Nor strength implore Thee to accord,
Except to cling to Thee.

FAITH.

Each want Thy love permits shall bless,
Howe'er it wake alarm,
That makes me close and closer press
Where none shall ever harm.

To go alone, in heart beguiled,
I have too often tried ;
To fall, as might some feeble child,
That leaves its mother's side.

Or, like the tender bird that thinks
On soaring wing to rise,
And quits the bough, but only sinks
The farther from the skies.

Now all I seek, ere love enfold
Beyond the reach of harm,
Is just enough of strength to hold
The everlasting Arm.

177

Quietness and Confidence.

D.C.M.

IN quietness and confidence,
My spirit, is thy strength ;
And who thus sow for heaven below
Shall largely reap at length ;
For Love is born of tranquil Trust,
And, in her happy hours
Of sweet accord with Christ her Lord,
She wields her mightiest powers.

And there is much on earth to do,
That asks unwearied toil ;
And care and haste the spirit waste,
And of her strength despoil :

Thine is sweetest pleasure, g
So blessings shall be shed ar
The fruit of happy hours,
And thanks abound, and prai
To Thee for all my powers.

178

Care dismissed.

OF all that breathes in earth
Shall man alone be vexed
While feeding countless creat
Will God forget his nobler ch

Go, ask the hoary-headed sage
How many, in his youth or ag
He hath in piteous want espie
Who trusted Heaven would al

Who trusted; yet, as Wisdom
The while they trusted, toiled;
Who kept to-day's small needs
But would not be

FAITH.

O Father, teach us thence to see,
How calmly all may rest in Thee ;
How surely trust Thy power and love,
Till faith be lost in sight above.

179

Trust.

L.M.

O WHO would thrust the bird away,
That from the eagle in the air
Flew to his bosom, and would stay
Her panting fears, and nestle there ?

Her terror would his pity move,
If pity in his bosom dwelt ;
Her confidence would waken love,
If love his bosom ever felt.

And shall we fear that He, whose breast
With tenderest love and pity glows,
Will spurn the trembler that would rest
Secure in Him from fiercer foes ?

O Saviour, that were far from Thee !
Thy words, Thy deeds of love declare,
That none so safe, so blest shall be
As they who seek and trust Thy care.

180

God seen by Faith.

886886.

O FATHER, no dark clouds above
Can hide from faith Thy smile of love,
Nor stay the spirit's flight :
By faith ascending each may see
Thee, Lord of all, and light which Thee
Surrounds, in deepest night.

FAITH.

Though friendship's cordial hand be dear,
No friend at seasons may be near,
 To shed around the charms
Of gladdening converse ; yet the breast,
Through faith, can sweetly feel its rest ;
 The everlasting Arms.

O Lord my God, increase my faith
In all Thy word so clearly saith,
 To guide my feet aright ;
And all whereby 'twould cheer the heart,
Till every cloud for aye depart
 In heaven's unchanging light.

181

Faith in Sorrow.

7a.

CARES, and fears, and griefs I know,
 And at seasons suffer wrong ;
But, through grace, shall nought below
 Whelm my soul, or wound it long.

Faith but needs to ponder well
 Things which none may yet discern ;
And, though floods around me swell,
 Peace and sweet content return.

Or, when darkest clouds arise,
 Faith with fervent suit can pray,
Till her glad uplifted eyes
 See them float, or fade, away.

Lord, accept my grateful praise ;
 All my lips or heart can pour ;
And in wisdom's pleasant ways
 Guide my feet for evermore.

FAITH.

182

One Thing I Know.

8886.

O SAVIOUR, if concealed the hour
When first Thy Light illumines the heart,
Enough to know, its present power
Can present peace impart.

One thing alone not seldom seems
The whole that Thy wise love reveals :
The Sun shines o'er us ; for His beams
The thankful spirit feels.

Or if the clouds above us roll,
And overcast awhile the sky ;
Yet faith can live to calm the soul ;
Though tears bedim the eye.

O Lord, accept our grateful praise,
That, whatsoe'er in darkness be,
One thing we know ; the glorious rays
Of Thy great Love we see.

183

Trust and Rejoice.

8585.

O MY spirit, be not faithless ;
God delights to save :
Trust wakes love, and love is deathless,
Even despite the grave.

Life is love's short path to heaven :
Why should life be sad ?
All things good to faith are given :
Why not thou be glad ?

Life's great Author, God, is blessèd :
He regards thy lot :
Would He have one heart distressèd ?
Nay, believe it not.

FAITH.

God is Love, and Love delighteth
Joy to shed abroad :
To all good He thee inviteth :
O, rejoice in God !

184 † *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C.M.

THOU art the Way : to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys for ever flow.

Amen.

185 † *Faith, not Sight.* 6 of 8

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
In mortal guise, this sinful earth ;
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth :
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

FAITH.

We were not with Thee on the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind ;
Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind :
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.
We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend :
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.
And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy faithful people bless ;
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness :
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And breathe, O Lord, our praise and prayer.

186

† *The Mediator.*

L.M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And still for His redeemèd cares.
He who for man their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the weakness of our frame.

FAITH.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows bore a part ;
Touched with the feeling of our grief
He to the sufferer sends relief.

Then let us boldly at His Throne
Make all our wants and sorrows known
His comfort ask, and loving care,
Nor doubt that He will hear our prayer.

187

† *Dependence on God.*

ETERNAL God ! we look to Thee
To Thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord ! let Thy fear within us dwell
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we need
O, let Thy grace supply :
The good, unasked, in mercy given
The ill, though asked, deny.

188

Trust in Affliction.

WHEN all seems dark, around, and
To trust Thy wisdom, power,
And sad misgivings spurn ;
O God, it is a harder task
Than in glad beams of love to bask,
And love, so felt, return.

FAITH.

And yet, how good each seeming ill,
 Whene'er we can that task fulfil,
 Nor one faint murmur raise!
 Father, vouchsafe to me the power,
 Nor spare, till even my darkest hour
 Through trust, abound in praise.

89

A Heavenly Solitude.

L.1

ORD, with Thy love my soul illumine,
 And then, though dark be all around,
 In inward joy, for outward gloom,
 May only be the more profound.

The eye of faith may farther see
 Into the depths of love divine;
 Because the eye less strong is free
 From things which dazzling, wildering shine.

The circling gloom may but exclude
 Fond dreams, to brighter seasons known,
 I make a heavenly solitude;
 A happy soul, with God alone.

)

Wisdom.

D.C.M.

KNOW thou thy God, and know thyself,
 Mortal, that would'st be wise;
 Love thy God, respect thyself,
 Nor man nor child despise;
 Owing thy God, controul thyself,
 And, howsoe'er thou rise,
 Will trust in Jesus, not thyself:
 So shalt thou win the skies.

See also Hymns 469 and 472.

Hope and its Objects.

191

Heaven.

PURER than earth enwreathed with stainle
Lovelier than when her vernal blooms u
Brighter than when her fields of summer glo
More rich than autumn's mingling green and
How fair, how blest the Paradise above,
Where saints and seraphs, in the radiant ligh
Of their Creator's smile, on wings of love,
Yield ceaseless service with unwearied flight!
Fear comes not there, and grief no place can
Thro' that bright host no thought of strife is
For each to each sweet bonds of union bind,
And all are linked to the eternal Throne.
O God, prepare us for those bowers on high!
We too would serve Thee there: we would not
For ever far away; but see Thee nigh,
And know and praise Thee in that beauteous]

192

The Paradise Eternal.

O PARADISE eternal!
What bliss to enter thee,
And, once within thy portals,
Secure for ever be!
In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death is known;
But pure glad life, enduring
As Heaven's benignant throne.

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

There all around shall love us,
And we return their love ;
One band of happy spirits,
One family above.

There God shall be our Portion,
And we His jewels be ;
And gracing His bright mansions,
His smile reflect and see.

So songs shall rise for ever,
While all creation fair,
Still more and more revealed,
Shall wake fresh praises there.

O Paradise eternal,
What joys in thee are known !
O God of mercy, guide us,
Till all be felt our own !

93

† *The glorious Mansion.*

6 of 8.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield :
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
Our beauties are but for a day.

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
Our days of light are numberèd.

THE roseate hues of early dawn
The brightness of the day
The crimson of the sunset sky
How fast they fade away !
O for the pearly gates of heaven
O for the golden floor !
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish
How fast they tire and faint
How many a spot defiles the robe
Around an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins !
O for the vesture white !
O for a voice to praise our King
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours. and heaven.

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

195

The White Robes.

CHRISTIAN, wait the morning;
Meekly bear the night;
Sweet will be the adorning
In the robes of white.

Trust, though sins oppress thee;
Hope, though griefs weigh down;
Mercy yet shall bless thee;
Heaven the conflict crown.

There a Sun is shining,
None as yet may know,
O'er the silver lining
Of dark clouds below.

There the soul, oft saddened
And oft trembling here,
Sinless made and gladdened,
Knows no more a fear.

Weak though her confiding
Now in Jesu's grace;
Yet, in faith abiding,
She shall see His face.

O then, wait the morning;
Meekly bear the night;
Sweet will be the adorning
In the robes of white.

The Heavenly Prize.

88.

6) PRESS toward the mark for the prize,
A crown in the kingdom above,
home with the blest in the skies,
A spirit made perfect in love.

O rouse thee, my brother, &
As a saint that ere long
And delight to toil freely a
To diffuse thy best pleasur

197

Love and its Rewards

JOYS await the ho
None as yet ma
Though they taste th
As they' homeward

Yet the heart that g
Most on earth wit
Best hath learnt how
Are the saints abo

Love is here a fount
Sweet above all pr
Love is there a river
Watering Paradise

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

Would we taste the river,
In the world of bliss,
We must prize the fountain,
Dear to them in this.

Here the love they cherished
Must within us glow ;
Then the life immortal
We, like them, shall know.

8

Liberty.

6 of 7.

FROM the dust of earth to rise,
Walk as children of the skies,
Strong in love, and free in good,
'Midst the happy brotherhood ;
This, O God, we ask of Thee,
This is noble Liberty.

Day by day to grow in light,
Joy in faith, yet hope for sight,
More and more to good incline,
Have no other will but Thine ;
This, O God, we ask of Thee,
This is brightening Liberty.

Then, to calmly sink to rest ;
Then, to wake amid the blest ;
Then, to see Thee, love, and know,
As no mortal may below ;
O, our Father, let it be !
This is heavenly Liberty !

9

The Ennobling Aim.

7s.

O THE very aim is blest,
To attain, through Jesu's aid,
Rank for ever with the best
Of the creatures God hath made !



HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

It ennobles all our life ;
Makes the trivial sublime ;
And, pursued with ceaseless strife,
Gives eternal worth to time.

It enhances every joy ;
Heals the spirit vexed and torn ;
And the changeless, dull employ
Brightens, as with opening morn.

Weary, vacant hours are past,
Never more to wake a sigh,
When, with purpose strong as vast,
Once we set our aim so high.

Come then, all, with stedfast breast,
Seek to win, through Jesu's aid,
Rank for ever with the best
Of the creatures God hath made.

200

The Christian Soldier.

1

THOU that hast pledged thy faith to
In Truth's most holy strife,
A soldier here, till victory
Through Jesus, crown thy life ;
As thou wouldst from His hands adored
Receive the conqueror's wreath,
Strong for the combat, draw the sword,
And throw away the sheath !

Beneath the banners of the Cross,
High in the heavens unfurled,
And, counting every prize as loss,
That lures a rebel world ;

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

Fight, as the strong man armed would fight
To save his dearest hoard,
Fill thou hast won the chaplet bright :
Then—throw away the sword !

11

Rich Within.

C.M.

WHATE'ER thine outward lot or choice,
Whate'er thou lose or win,
O list and yield to Wisdom's voice !
Be alway rich within.

Nor doubt thou mayst : since time began,
Never was good more free
To quest or grasp of mortal man
Than is true wealth to thee.

Cease but to yearn for outward things ;
Choose to be wise and pure ;
Soar oft on faith and love's glad wings ;
And count sin only poor :

When God shall bless thy noble choice ;
Thou the great prize shalt win ;
And, sure as Truth is Wisdom's voice,
Be alway rich within.

Joy cometh in the Morning.

8787.

BETTER is a night of sadness,
Which the morning shall illumine,
Than the brightest day of gladness
Ending in eternal gloom.

Christian, God is yet above thee,
Though He hide His face awhile ;
And circling seraphs love thee,
Though invisible their smile.

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

Haply, too, life's darksome billow
Sometimes shows a silver gleam;
And thy harp upon the willow
Hangs beside a pleasant stream.

Weary Labourer, though thou weep
Sow thy seed, and praise, and pray
In the bright morn, when thou reap
Thou shalt bless the changeful day

203

Rest.

THERE the wicked cease from trouble,
There the weary are at rest,
Who while here still strove with evil,
And made good their hope and quest

'Tis our Father's peaceful heaven;
Love's pure world of perfect bliss;
Beauteous beyond thought to picture,
Though so fair to sight is this.

Yet how many youthful, mirthful,
Care not for that home of rest;
And how few, grey-haired and weary,
Journeying thitherward, are blest!

Father, grant Thy grace more largely;
Let each bosom here partake
Hopes that end in life eternal,
Cares that end in death forsake.

204

† *The Heavenly Canaan.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

Lo! rising from the swelling flood,
Th' eternal hills are seen!
So Canaan's promised land was viewed,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

O! could we bid our doubts depart,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan of our heart,
With faith's illumined eyes;

Could we like Moses climb on high,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not death's dark waters rolling nigh
Should fright us from the shore.

205 † *The Christian a Soldier and Pilgrim.* C.M.

A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife,
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun:
Behold the Christian life!

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil:
How can our warfare close?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil:
How can we hope repose?

O! let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more:

Where they who meet shall n
Where grace achieves its p.
And God, uniting every heart
Dwells face to face with me

206

† *The Dwelling-place Al*

THERE is a dwelling-plac
Thither, to meet the (
The poor in spirit go.
There is a paradise of rest :
For contrite hearts and sou
Its streams of comfort
There is a voice to mercy tr
To them who mercy's path
That voice shall bliss in
There is a sight as yet conc
That sight, the face of God
Shall bless the pure in
There is a name in heaven

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part ; like them to use
Each aid Thy love hath given ;
Be holiness my aim on earth ;
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in Heaven.

207

† *Heaven Anticipated.*

L.M.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still ;

So when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
That sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves o'er trials past ;
No more the unknown future fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

O Lord, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode ;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
Each toil, each suffering of the road.

208

† *Onward.*

7s.

OFt in peril, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go !
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe!
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength if great your need.

Onward then in battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

209

† *The Blissful Regions.*

(

FAR from these narrow scenes of nig
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high :
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

Amen.

210

† *Jerusalem the Golden.*

7676.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shouts of them that triumph,
The songs of them that feast.

And they who, with their leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

BRIEF life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.

O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest.

There grief is turned to pleasure ;
 Such pleasure as below
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know.

The Lord whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known ;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall feel He is their own.

The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows pass away ;
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.

O sweet and blessèd country,
 The Home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect !

Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.

HOPE AND ITS OBJECTS.

2

† *The Eternal City.*

7676.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is balm to the distress,
Is medicine in sickness,
Is love, and life, and rest.

O one abiding City!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

There shall be no more hunger;
There shall be no more thirst;
No longer aught defiling;
No longer aught accurst.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thy mystic wall is garnish'd
With amethyst unpriced,
The Saints thy golden fabric,
Thy corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Pure fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-bui
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.
O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love ;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above.

Amen.

LOVE.

is sweet to trace Thy wisdom, power, and love
In all things here with lavish beauty fraught :
How sweet to trace them evermore above,
In scenes of glory passing mortal thought !

Scenes that awaken ever new delight ;
And still fresh love, fresh gratitude inspire
Thy seraph hosts, that with Thy saints unite
In one loud song, and with one soul admire.

God, can it be such life shall come thro' death ?
Shall more than noontide light on darkness break
Hear my prayer ! And till my latest breath
Guide me and keep me, for my Saviour's sake !

Ecce.

215

God is Love.

C.M.

OUR God is Love : O sweetly sing.
A glad and thankful hymn ;
And with that music blend a prayer,
That thou mayst be like Him.

Our God is Love : O ponder this
In all thy darksome days ;
Till clouds are touched with golden hues,
And sorrow smiles her praise.

Our God is Love : when sin shall tempt,
Let this great truth impart
Power divine ; and turn away
With loathing in thy heart.

LOVE.

Our God is Love : when nature fails,
Then fix thy gaze above ;
And calmly wait till Heaven reveals
How Life, Death—all is Love.

216

Christian Union.

6 of 8.

O THOU, who for Thine own didst pray
That they might all the union sweet
Of christian brotherhood display,
Till earth should worship at Thy feet ;
Incline and help Thy Church to bear
In memory, Lord, that sacred prayer.

Send down Thy bright beams from above,
Each cold, unkindly heart to melt,
Till Thine own peace and holy love
In every breast be prized and felt ;
While streams that bless where'er they go
Earth's dreariest deserts overflow.

Make all to feel one Spirit lives
In every heart renewed by grace ;
One Lord to each that Spirit gives ;
One Home ere long will each embrace :
O Saviour, let Thy will be done,
And all, as God and Thou, be One !

217

Household Love.

76767676.

O GOOD, which none may measure,
All wealth, all rank above !
Sweet source of tender pleasure,
Confiding household love !

LOVE.

Who drink of thy pure waters,
That ever freshly rise,
Amidst earth's sons and daughters,
Are favoured of the skies.

Mayst thou yet more be tasted
And prized in every home;
May spirits vexed and wasted
No longer vainly roam,
In quest of balm for sadness,
Where none that good shall see;
But find sufficing gladness
In holiest love and thee!

May friends to friends in union
Through darkest changes cling;
Nor fail in sweet communion
When life true joys shall bring;
And O! may all, aspiring
To perfect love, ere long
Ascend where saints retiring
Swell love's eternal song!

8

Dwelling in Unity.

8787.

GENTLE words and actions, telling
Day by day of holy love,
Make the humblest earthly dwelling
Image the pure heaven above.

Iappy they such home possessing!
Rich, whate'er their worldly store!
or the Lord there grants His blessing,
Even life for evermore.

v

LOVE.

Linked on earth in sweetest union,
They, through grace divine, shall rise,
Soon to share the high communion
Known by Seraphs in the skies.

There, amid the bright hosts telling
Of their God and Father's love,
Memory still shall bless the dwelling,
Which once imaged heaven above.

219

† *Mutual Love.*

OUR God is love, and all His saints
His image bear below ;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

Our heavenly Father, Lord, art Thou;
Thy favoured children we ;
O may we love each other here,
As we are loved of Thee.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same ;
May common aims our hearts unite,
May mutual love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve ;
And, wondering, say, as they of old,
"See how these Christians love!"

Ame

LOVE.

220

The Spirit's Rest.

L.M.

I FEEL within a fount of love :
 And whither shall its flowing be ?
 My spirit lifts her gaze above,
 And says—To Thee, my God, to Thee !
 Thou art my Portion, Refuge, Rest ;
 Unchanging where all else is change :
 Of Thee secure, this heart were blest,
 Though all beside were cold and strange
 O give me so by faith to live ;
 So cherish hopes and aims divine ;
 That one small voice may ever give
 Its witness that my heart is Thine.
 I ask no higher joy below ;
 And, when the eternal home I see,
 No loftier bliss my soul shall know
 Than love to Thee, my God, to Thee !

221

Freedom.

7s.

RISE into the life of love !
 Thence, my spirit, thou art free ;
 Every thralling fear above,
 In divinest liberty.
 'Tis thy choice to do whate'er
 God commandeth to be done ;
 Suffer all He wills ; forbear
 All that He would have thee shun.
 Thus each moment yields thee good ;
 Thus each creature works thy will ;
 Wakening songs of gratitude,
 Which not death itself shall still.

THERE is a God, who hea
Both night and day :
O pray to Him ; pray every
And ever pray.

Fervent or cold, in voice or
Still persevere ;
Till every sin and grief depa
And every fear.

Ask God for light, for faith, :
For joy divine,
In Jesu's sacred name ; nor c
Till each be thine.

And O ! ask Him that grace
All gifts above :
He only yet has learnt to live
Whose life is love.

LOVE.

If I breathe a vast desire,
Lord, it speaks my nature's want;
And the prayer Thou dost inspire
Wilt Thou not in mercy grant?

Taught, encouraged by Thy word,
I can ask Thee nothing less;
And, my fervent suit unheard,
Not the universe could bless.

O then, for my Saviour's sake,
Lend a gracious ear to me;
And in bonds no power can break
Knit my spirit unto Thee!

224

The Highest Good.

L.M.

REDEEMED by Thee from sin and death,
Sustained, preserved, with ceaseless care;
O Father, till my latest breath,
This will I make my fervent prayer:

Clearly reveal to me Thy will;
Let it be ever in my view;
And help me by Thy Spirit still
With filial love Thy will to do:

With love that sheds its own glad light,
Still brightening, upon wisdom's ways;
And, depths unsearchable despite,
Holds fast calm trust, and joys in praise.

Ask of Thee no higher bliss,
None earth beneath, or heaven above;
That my only good is this,
That Thyself, O God, art Love.

Or yet, when past this
Of woes succeeding
Grant that my love
To Thee, and all ma
So constant and so stron
That life is peace en
Lord, 'tis a vast requ
'Tis asking heaven be
But Thou wilt not deny th
From whom the best
O hear then from abov
This prayer in mercy h
So fill my soul with perfect
'Twill have no place for

226

Ascending Love.

ASCEND to the skies on the pin
Oft leaving, my spirit, each so
Look down on the clouds
And storms

LOVE.

Each sickness, each pain, each vexation we know,
Each keen disappointment that woundeth the breast,
With a voice, while the seeds of the future we sow,
Endear yet the more the sweet fields of the blest.

Far oft then, my spirit, on pinions of love;
For the last rapid flight 'twill those pinions prepare;
And as surely will fit thee for raptures above,
That storms must beat upward to trouble thee there.

27

The Quenchless Light.

78.

NEVER, never, O my God,
Wilt Thou quench the light of love;
Nor shall souls that long to laud
Fail to laud Thy grace above.

Glow in me the sacred flame,
Kindled by Thy power divine?
Then—adorèd be Thy name!—
Life, eternal Life, is mine!

Heaven, with all its bliss untold,
Heaven, my utmost thought above,
Shall in Thy good time enfold
Every soul instinct with love.

O my Father, more impart
Of that priceless grace to me;
And for ever shall my heart
Breathe its gratitude to Thee!

— thou, who hear
To Thee, and hur
If ever heavenly joy
Take earthly joys
Rather with terror le
Beneath Thy dread
Than taste Thy good
To tread the narrow
But O! let love, let l
Still bind my heart
With that soft chain o
My Saviour bought :

229

Love born of L

MOURNEST thou that
Too rarely, or too h
O Christian, weigh what g
That thou for Jesu's sak
That, through His radiant,
The Lord of all

LOVE.

All else to thee is as might be
 The cloudless, starlit, glorious sky
 To one who ne'er looks up to see,
 Or towards it turns a sightless eye.
 Then breathe thou oft a fervent prayer,
 Nor doubt 'tis heard, to God above,
 That, come what may till death to bear,
 Thy heart may ever trust His love.

230

Conscious Love.

7s.

FOR the conscious love of Thee,
 Lord, no price too vast I know :
 When that pure delight I see,
 O how fades all else below !

Can it be that ever more
 This frail heart, by sin beguiled,
 Should not heed the priceless lore
 By Thy Spirit taught Thy child ?
 Can the soul, once girt with light,
 Bright well nigh as Eden knew,
 Plunge to depths of utter night,
 And the phantoms there pursue ?
 Lord, it can, if left by Thee,
 Even to death, itself deceive :
 O stretch forth Thine hand to me !
 Hold me, guide me, never leave !

231

† *Christians one Family.*

7s.

LORD, we all look up to Thee,
 As one flock, one family :
 May all strife between us cease,
 As we love Thee, Prince of Peace.

One in faith, and h
Free from all that h
Let us thus in Thee
All the depths of lo
All the heights of h

232

Communion with

ONE on whom the sou
Fervent, filial, reve
And, while yet below, as
Like the spirits blest :

One with whom in every
Every hour of day or n
Though she see not yet I
She may commune wit

O ! for whatsoe'er beside
These too eager bosoms
This, and only this, when
Find we answer not

Humility and Confession.

233

Humility.

C.M.

WERT Thou, to quench all mortal pride,
In state so mean on earth ;
And mocked and scourged and crucified,
As one of basest worth ?

Didst Thou, alike by deed and word,
So teach that all might see,
Who would be most in heaven preferred
Must here most lowly be ?

Then grant, kind Saviour, who dost know
How vain our utmost strife
To achieve, unless Thou grace bestow,
Our hardest task in life ;

O grant the strength divine we need,
To live as taught by Thee ;
And so to win the exalted meed
Of deep humility.

234

† *The Sinner's Friend.*

L.M.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
Think of the blood for sinners spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are no
Thine arm can never shortened
Behold me now ; my heart is full
Behold, and spare, and succour

235

† *All are Sinners.*

ALMIGHTY Father ! God of
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from Thy paths have turr
Each to his sinful way.

Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound :
Alas ! in thought, and word, and d
No health in us is found !

O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare :
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffered on the
And man's transgressions bore.

HUMILITY AND CONFESSION.

36

The Indwelling Spirit.

L.M.

TWO temples doth Jehovah prize ;
Nor will from either e'er depart :
One is above the starry skies ;
The other is the lowly heart.

In that He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine :
In this His beams are felt ; but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.

Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord :
Enough, the lowly heart can read,
It is a temple of the Lord.

Such heart, O God, be ever mine !
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting, it is Thine,
That glory it may humbly bear.

37

Humility and Praise.

7575.

SONS of men, Jehovah bless,
And in heart adore ;
Ponder life's dark shadows less,
Its bright sunlight more.

Quench the thought of claims on Heaven :
So, for Jesu's sake,
Life's least blessing, freely given,
Gratitude shall wake.

From profound humility
Springs exalted joy,
Making loving praise to be
Man's sublime employ.

HUMILITY AND CONFESSION.

Firmly then high thoughts suppress ;
Humbly God adore ;
Ponder life's dark shadows less,
Its bright sunlight more.

238

Love and Fear.

886E

FATHER of all, enthroned above !
May I to Thee with filial love,
Through Jesu's blood, draw near ?
I come, Thou Great, Thou Holy God !
Whom earth nor heaven can duly laud,
I come, with love and fear !

O make my love the child's that knows
The sweetness of secure repose
Upon a father's breast ;
My fear, the feeling pure and deep,
That prompts him watchfully to keep
Meet for that place of rest.

Nor spare Thy grace that both may grow
Within me day by day below ;
Then, grant me to adore
Thee, God and Father, face to face,
Where love, in her own native place,
Reveres for evermore.

239

Holy Fear.

O THE bliss to cast away
Fear, that all high thought denies,
For the fear, that day by day
Lifts the spirit to the skies !

HUMILITY AND CONFESSION.

Whether in life's humblest shade,
Or its loftiest estate,
This, while other fears degrade
And enthral, makes free and great.

By the christian, as he kneels
Reverently in prayer, 'tis known :
Kindred fear the seraph feels,
As he bows before the throne.

Cherish, Lord, this fear in me ;
Let it grow within my breast,
Till both fear and love shall be
Perfected where all are blest.

240

† *Mercy implored.*

C.M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face from me!
I bow before Thy throne,
And own and mourn my sinful life,
And trust in Christ alone.

Thy mercy's gates were opened wide
Thro' Jesu's death for sin :
O let me, Thou long-suffering God !
O let me enter in !

No strict account demand from me
Of all my sojourn here ;
For if Thou didst, my conscience knows
How vile I should appear.

Mercy, O Lord, through Jesu's blood,
This is my humble prayer ;
I have no other trust or hope ;
O let Thy mercy spare !

THROUGHOUT all worlds there
 Yet are not all alike His dwell
 The glorious palace of the King of
 Is where in blissful adoration sings
 The seraph 'mid the radiance of light

There, in the peaceful element of love
 Himself its source and centre, God
 Ruling, sustaining, animating all,
 From Heaven's archangel to the lowly
 With nature's cry from earth's lowly

Hath God another dwelling-place
 Hear, O ye Heavens! and, O Earth
 In every heart beneath the eternal
 Where lowly Piety hath made her
 There is a dwelling to Jehovah dear

Such heart, so hallowed and so blest
 Source of all good, hear Thou my
 And grant that gift! O grant it, Lord
 I ask or covet, till Thy voice shall call
 And my rapt spirit hearing cleave

Contentment and Resignation.

242

† *Thy will be done.*

L.M.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
Thy will be done !

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy Good Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done !

243

† *Living to God.*

C.M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne let this
My fervent prayer arise :

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart;
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.

Ame

244

Resignation and Praise.

GREAT Source of Life! Eternal
Whom countless hosts adore!
I pray with them, Thy will be done,
Now, and for evermore!

Whene'er Thy beams illumine my soul
I feel how good Thou art;
Making the wounded spirit whole,
Healing the broken heart.

For every grief, for every pain,
That yet hath marked my days,
With lips, though feeble, loth to fail,
I breathe to Thee my praise.

And be the future, Lord, as Thou
Shalt deem in wisdom best:
I ask Thee still but grace to bow
With praise to Thy behest.

245

Life is Discipline.

ALL my life is discipline,
From my God above;
And, by His Good Spirit's help,
All shall strengthen love.

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

'Tis not what my heart had hoped ;
But I dimly see :
Lord, 'tis better, better far ;
For it comes from Thee.

Much must yet my spirit leave,
Ere she raptured rise
On seraphic pinions swift,
Meet for Paradise.

Every feeling, every thought,
All must pass away,
Which were hateful in the light
Of celestial day.

Welcome then, Thy discipline ;
Never may it cease,
Till within Thy servant's soul
All be love and peace !

† *The Unchanging God.*

6 of 10.

WATER may change, in God no change is seen ;
A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor declines ;
The clouds and storms He walks serene ;
Sweetly on His people's darkness shines :
I depart ; I fret not, nor repine,
In my Father's arm, and He is mine.

And I have is from His stores supplied ;
All is only what He deems the best ;
My friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
Poor without Him, though of all possess :
I may come ; I take, or I resign ;
While I am His, and He is mine.

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love ;
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But, when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more ;
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

247

God our Portion.

C.M.

I NEED a portion that shall last
When time itself expires ;
Eternal as my spirit ; vast
As are its best desires.

Thou, Lord, alone that portion art :
With Thee, whate'er beside
Thy grace deny me or impart,
My wants were satisfied.

Then be Thou mine ! O be Thou mine,
Despite the sins that still
With even my fairest deeds entwine,
And thwart my holier will !

So, dark or bright my earthly days,
Whate'er my lot may be,
My soul with gratitude and praise
Shall sweetly rest in Thee.

248

The Lord is Mine.

C.M.

. . IF thou to heaven canst lift thine eyes,
And see a Friend Divine,
Whose shalt Thou deem beneath the skies
A happier lot than thine ?

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

Rank, riches, influence, health, renown,
To thee may never fall ;
And yet, of every good the crown
Is thine—the Lord of all !

O ! earth can show no direr foe
Than envy to Thy rest ;
And watch, pray, strive, until thou know
'Tis quenched within thy breast.

Should e'er a thought within thee rise,
That might unchecked incline
To that dread evil, lift thine eyes,
And say—The Lord is mine !

249

Source of Trials.

7575.

CHANGES come from day to day,
Ordered all above :
Some may deeply shade my way :
Yet, their source is Love.

Grief, pain, wrong, whate'er I see,
Each hath ends benign ;
If some dark, enough for me,
Lord, those ends are Thine.

One Thy word makes ever clear,
And the greatest, best :
Ills are sent to make me here
Meet for perfect rest.

Let them come then as they may,
Faith shall look above,
Meekly feel, and calmly say,
Yet, their source is Love.

The warbling notes that greet
 Waked by its gladsome light
 Were never lovely deemed as
 Which cheer the gloom of
 And grateful strains, when joy
 Full many a heart may pour
 That in the hour of grief and
 Can scarce resigned adore.
 Then, though thou breathe no
 For joys that round thee throng
 O praise Him for the chastening
 'Twill be a sweeter song.

251

The Christian Pilgrim

FED with the Bread of Life
 Guarded and kept from harm
 Yet know we here enough of
 To mind us 'tis the desert still
 We may not 'scape the stormy

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

And when we stand on Jordan's shore,
And haply shrink to venture o'er,
O Saviour, grant that it may seem,
If darksome, yet—a parted stream !

52

Murmuring deprecated.

7775.

SONS of men, awake and sing !
Wiser, holier, happier be !
Far away be murmuring,
As ye heaven would see !

In the grave is no device,
Work, nor thought of Wisdom's ways :
Will ye there for Paradise
Learn glad songs of praise ?

Lips that living did not know
How to breathe the loving breath
Of sweet praises, shall they grow
Skilled to praise in death ?

O awake ye now, and sing !
Wiser, holier, happier be !
Far away be murmuring,
As ye heaven would see !

53

Strength in Sorrow.

78.

LORD, each murmur past forgive ;
Each forbidden tear or sigh ;
And vouchsafe me grace to live
Always meekly, thankfully.

Owens my reason, owns my heart,
None may claim aught good from Thee ;
And, whate'er Thy grace impart,
Evil is deserved by me.

Till, upon my heavenward way,
Ceaseless praise ascend to The

254

Use of Sorrows.

JOYS countless as the summer f
Jehovah shed on Eden's bowe
Yet saw His wayward children mi
Content, and seek forbidden bliss.

To win us to Himself once more,
He sends not now a boundless sto
Of good, that makes the desert sw
As was the lovely lost retreat ;

But fruits and blossoms that suffic
To mind us oft of Paradise ;
With yet some thorns while here
To endear the more a fairer home

Then let us, with a thankful breas
Our troubles bear, and wait for re
If chastening, 'tis a loving Hand,

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

There let praises sweetly flow :

So, descending from the sky,
Thou shalt better rest below
For that flight on high ;

And, from weakness gathering strength,
Up to heaven again shalt soar,
And again—until at length
Thou return no more.

Then, how sweet the perfect rest,
Following close the changeful day,
With the thought, 'mid seraphs blest,
It shall last for aye !

Christian mourner, grieve no more ;
Take with love what love hath given ;
And on faith's strong pinions soar,
Till thou smile in heaven.

3

Trials Common.

6 of 8.

RT thou from heavier sorrows free,
Though some griefs yet remain for thee ?
ponder well thy sins again !
thy sins from earliest youth ! and then,
from earth to heaven uplift thy gaze,
and breathe a fervent song of praise.

Thou art not free from every ill :
is not yet thy Father's will :
or were it good for thee to be
shielded upon earth : the tree
sheltered from the heat, the cold, the storm,
were poor in fruit and weak in form.

R.

257

Sorrows an

IF life's sorrows keep
Nearer in sweet bo
Shall I ask Thee to imp
Joys unmingled here

No, my God, Thy will I
I will breathe no othe
Save that, till my course
This may my whole he

258

† *Divine chasteni*

FULL oft the clouds of d
So sweet a message be
Though dark they seem, 'tw
A frown of anger there.
For loving is the hand that s
However keen the smart:
'Tis never raised

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

No; we must follow in the course
Our Saviour deigned to run;
We must not find a resting-place
Where He we love had none.

259 . † *Christ our Pattern.* C.M.

AS to Thy Cross, dear Lord, we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"
Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

Amen.

260 † *Thy Way, not mine.* 6s.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be yet the best ;
Winding or straight, 'twill lead
Still on to endless rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God :
So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

261

† *Divine Sympathy.*

C.M

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

62

† *The Christian's Rest.*

S.M.

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline :
Thou wilt not leave me to despair ;
For Thou art Love divine.
In Thee I place my trust ;
On Thee I calmly rest :
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

63

† *The Manna.*

7s.

DAY by day the manna fell :
O, to learn that lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

R 2

ALL my sanguine hopes hav
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy puri

Thou my daily task shalt g
I to Thee will daily live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's

O, to be exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind
Yet elate with gratitude!

264

† *No Abiding City here.*

WE'VE no abiding city here:
Sad truth for each, were th
But, let the thought our spirits
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here:

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
And O for pinions of a dove,
To fly to thee and be at rest !

Ah ! hush, my soul ! nor dare repine :
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest !

265

† *Comfort in Sorrow.*

6 of 8.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

And O ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed,—for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Amen.

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

266

Present Evil sufficient.

1

SUFFICIENT to the day the present ill,
Was kindly uttered by a heavenly voice;
And one, inspired to teach his Master's will,
Hath bid us alway in the Lord rejoice.

Then, darken not the present with the past;
Nor borrow shadows from a future sky:
'Tis in the present that thy lot is cast,
And there thy duties will for ever lie.

The burden of to-day each heart may bear,
That prays with faith, and is to conscience true;
But, who that knows his feebleness would dare
To take upon himself to-morrow's too?

O rather, listening to thy Lord, rejoice
To trust Him now, and now to do His will;
And, hour by hour, be mindful of the voice,
Sufficient to the day the present ill!

Joy and Thankfulness.

267

† *Divine Mercies.*

C.M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

268

Grace to Praise implored.

L.M.

ETERNAL Source of life and light,
From whom my every blessing flows ;
How shall my lips extol aright
The bounty that no measure knows !
O yet one further gift accord ;
With one more boon make glad my days ;
Impart Thy grace, all-bounteous Lord,
And teach me as I would to praise :
To praise Thee oft-times with my tongue ;
To praise Thee ever with my heart ;
And soon where heavenly praise is sung,
O let me take my blissful part !
Then, Lord, not one of all the host
That hymn Thy glory round the throne,
Howe'er exalted there, shall boast
A strain more fervent than mine own.

269

† *The Redeemer's Praise.*

C.M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
His kind, His wondrous ways !

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks ; and, listening to His voice
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The glories of Thy name.

270

Earthly and Heavenly Choirs.

MAN, with silent voice and lyre,
May go mourning griefs and fears
But his Lord hath yet a choir,
That delights in cheerful songs.

He hath one upon the earth,
Whose glad notes unceasing rise
And, of higher, nobler birth,
One we hear not in the skies.

By the warbling birds around
Teach us, Lord, more happy ways
And like them let us abound
Day by day in songs of praise.

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

From the seraph hosts on high,
Who in sweetest strains adore,
May we learn, ere yet we die,
Thee to praise for evermore.

271

The Treasure within.

L.M.

WE bless Thee, Lord, that, wheresoe'er
We dwell or travel, we can bear
One good still with us day and night,
Secure, and fraught with fresh delight.
Fruit of redeeming love of old,
It is that pearl of price untold,
Which, soaring even to realms unknown,
The unbodied soul can bear alone.
Thou who, to pay its wondrous price,
Didst leave Thy blissful paradise ;
Who sorrow, pangs, and death didst know,
The treasure freely to bestow ;
O guard it well in every heart,
From hour to hour, till life depart ;
Yea, ever, Lord, Thy servants bless
With peaceful, joyful righteousness.

272

† *Songs of Men and Angels.*

C.M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels' round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

Thy goodness to proclaim
To tell what Thou for man
And bless Thy holy nam

273

Not alone.

O THOU, through whose re
The beams of mercy fro
Upon my heart have sho
I bless Thy name that solitud
Whose power is oft in vain w
Is for Thy servant gone.

Stillness profound may reign
The ear may catch no earthly
No form may meet the e
Yet listening love can hear a
That whispers comfort, and re
In One for ever nigh.

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

74

Delight in God.

7s.

LORD, I would delight in Thee ;
 Choose that highest, noblest part ;
 And Thy promise trust, to give
 The desires within my heart.
 Yet, how vast are those desires !
 Deathless love, and endless bliss !
 O my Father, can it be,
 Thou wilt surely grant me this ?
 Shall I never, never die ?
 Thee, adoring, ever see ?
 Hear my prayer for Jesu's sake !
 Fill me with delight in Thee !
 Sins that quench its living source,
 Make me more and more to hate ;
 Doubts and fears that overcloud,
 In Thy mercy dissipate.
 By Thy Spirit, O my God,
 Let the deep calm joy be given ;
 And, that earnest in my soul,
 I will wait the opening heaven.

75

Seek ye My Face.

7575.

WHO hath ever seen Thy face,
 But its light would seek ?
 Who hath ever felt Thy grace,
 But its praise would speak ?
 We by faith Thy face have seen ;
 We would alway see :
 Let no darkness intervene
 'Twixt our souls and Thee.

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

• We, through Jesu's blood, have stood
 In sweet mercy's rays :
 Lord, with boundless gratitude
 Help us now to praise.
 Help us now to praise ; and when
 Faith is lost in sight,
 Still, O Father, help ; and then,
 We will praise aright.

276

† *Praise to the Redeemer.*

L.M.

SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing !
 Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above ;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.
 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 Thou, to rescue me from danger,
 Didst redeem me with Thy blood.
 By Thy hand restored, defended,
 Safe through life thus far I'm come ;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Take me to my heavenly home.

277

† *Blessedness of Trust.*

C.M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name ;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they
Who in His truth confide.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who in His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then,
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

78

Glad Sounds ceaseless.

C.M.

O HEIRS of heaven, with heart and voice
Let your glad strains arise !
'Tis meet, 'tis right that ye rejoice
Past all below the skies.

Countless are nature's songs, though few,
Of all afar or near,
Beneath the wide o'erarching blue,
May reach the quickest ear.

Sweet melodies by day, by night,
Around the varied earth,
Rise to the Lord of life and light,
Whence came its wondrous birth.

Let your glad strains arise ;
'Tis meet, 'tis right that ye re-
Past all below the skies.

279

Never murmur more

KNOW'ST thou well the source
And not less complainin'
Take this counsel to thy heart
Never murmur more
Change thy murmurings into praise
God, it may be, yet will bless
Bounteously thy future days,
For thy thanksgivings
Haply, many an evil past
Came thy pleasures to alloy ;
For that countless gifts and favours
Woke few songs
O ! then, whatsoe'er the days
Which yet wait thee have in store
Meet them as they come with

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

I thank Thee, Lord, that peace serene
Hath ne'er been yielded yet
By aught on which my hopes have been
With sinful ardour set.

So be it still ! whate'er my heart
Too fondly seeks below ;
As it could solace sweet impart,
And all I crave bestow ;

O ! let it prove, that picture fair
By fancy's pencil drawn,
A fleeting gleam, a vision rare,
That lures—betrays—is gone !

Thyself, my Lord and God, alone
My Rest, my Portion be :
And ever still be rest unknown
Except when known in Thee.

81

† *Songs of Praise.*

78.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born :
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away :
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth :
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Still in songs of praise rej
Learning here, by faith an
Songs of praise to sing ab

Borne upon their latest br
Songs of praise shall conq
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powe

282

Vain and Real Joy.

LESS pleased by what
Than grieved by w
We fondly crave, and seek, an
Imaginary bliss.

In vain the wise essay
To impress our hearts ar
We hardly dream awake by d
Less than asleep by nigh
O God of love unknown

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

Illume then, Lord, illume
Our souls with heavenly rays ;
Till, gone for ever clouds and gloom,
We wake to ceaseless praise !

83

Joy in God.

8787.

HE on whom life's Sun is shining
Should find life a pleasant vale ;
Nor in spirit know repining,
Though all lesser lights should fail.

He whose course still heavenward tendeth
Should go singing on his way,
Even though sorrow sometimes blendeth
Her notes with the cheerful lay.

O be glad and sing, my spirit !
Grateful for thy good possess :
'Tis the meekly glad inherit
Gladness in the land of rest.

God is glorified by praises ;
Praises spring from joy and love ;
And who here the sweet song raises,
He shall swell the songs above.

84

† *Call to Praise.*

8 of 7.

COME, O come ! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise ;
Hither bring, in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
To your voices tune the lute ;
Let not tongue or string be mute ;
Not a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Clouds, your peals of th
Sun, and moon, exalted
And ye stars, augment t

Come, ye sons of human
In this chorus take your
And amid this mortal thr
Be ye masters of the son
Let, in praise of God, th
Run a never-ending roun
That our holy hymn may
Everlasting, as is He.

So shall He, from heaven's
On the earth His blessing
All this vast wide orb we s
Shall one choir, one templ
Then our voices we will re
Till we fill it everywhere.
Come, O come, with sacred
Let us sound the Almight

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

The things which around I mark
May dazzle with transient glare ;
But all in my soul is dark,
If Thou art not present there.

No evil I know, or fear,
All pleasures fresh joy impart,
When Thou I can feel art dear,
And thankfulness fills my heart.

Then surely, my God, for Thee,
It should be my joy to live ;
O ! ever my Helper be,
And all that is needed give !

286

Sun of Righteousness.

D.L.M.

O GOD, how glorious is the Light,
That chases fear and misery !
How sweet to exchange sin's gloomy night
For days of peace and piety !
To wake from vain and wildering dreams,
Which but elate us to depress,
And feel the bright and brightening beams
Shed from the Sun of Righteousness !

Grant, Lord, that all of us may flee
Afar from sin and slavery ;
May more and more the beauty see,
And joy of holy liberty :
Then, when Thine own good time shall come
With clearer light our eyes to bless,
O show us, in the eternal home,
Thyself, O Sun of Righteousness !

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

287

† *Exhortation to Praise.*

STAND up, and bless the Lord
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice,
Above all thought, all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?
O! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thoughts;
God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers,
Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

288

† *Sing, as ye Journey.*

CHILDREN of the Heavenly
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing with joy your Saviour's praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!
Ye are travelling home to God,
In the path your fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light !
Zion's city is in sight :
There your mansions are prepared,
There your kingdom and reward !

Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, we hear Thee, and will go,
Nor will cling to aught below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
We will joy to follow Thee.

289

† *Praise the Lord.*

D.87.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail :
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

Praise Him
Praise the everlasti

Praise Him for His g
To our fathers in d
Praise Him still the s
Slow to chide, and
Praise Him
Glorious in His fai

Angels, help us to ad
Ye behold Him fac
Sun and moon, bow d
Dwellers all in time
Praise Him!
Praise with us the

291

† *God Rei*

THE Lord is King! li

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

He reigns ! ye saints, exalt your strains ;
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne ;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King !

292

All my Springs are in Thee.

C.M.

A CRAVING, weak, dependent thing,
Man roams a weary waste,
In quest of some refreshing spring
No eye hath ever traced.

If oft he lays him down, and dreams,
And slakes his burning thirst,
He wakes beside the fancied streams,
Still craving as at first.

O ! does he learn the truth at last,
And, turning in despair
From barren sands, look up, and cast
His wants and sorrows there ?

Soon does the eye of faith descry,
What cannot else be seen,
Streams in the desert, flowing high
'Twixt banks for ever green.

T

and now, 'tis not
'Tis sweet reality
'Tis pleasure, Lord,
His "springs are

293

Earthly and He

THE dearest joys t
Awaked by thir
Often, like music's s
Have perished in t

So brief, so transient
It was but as the b
Of fragrance from the
That sweetly tells it

Is there a joy that ever
O yes! but not of e
Unmeasured grace the
And 'tis of heavenly

Sweet

JOY AND THANKFULNESS.

He is its Giver, Author, Source :
O for a seraph's hymn,
To tell to all with winning force
What joy is found in Him !

4

The Secret of the Lord.

L.M.

A VOICE of joy, and kindling eye,
May not the heart's best good disclose ;
But deem not thence that gladness high
In holiest bosoms rarely glows.
The stream, that on the lonely height
With sweetest music leaps and plays,
Soft glides in silence when in sight
'Mid the low valley's travelled ways.
The secret of the Lord our God
Is but for them that fear His name ;
And not till Wisdom's path be trod,
Will happiest love the soul inflame.
But deem not, then, that gladness high
In holiest bosoms rarely glows ;
Though voice of joy, or kindling eye,
The heart's best treasure seldom shows.

5

† *Universal and Eternal Praise.*

L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word ;
By praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Still suns shall rise and set no more.

See also Hymn 471.

Meekness and Forgiveness

296

Evil of Anger.

MEELK Redeemer ! calmly bearing
Hate, reproach, contempt, and
May we all, Thy spirit sharing,
• Over wrongs but pray and mourn !

Anger is not for a creature
Asking mercy day by day :
Lord, we own, each tone and feature
Should the grace we need display.

Anger harms ourselves and others ;
Peace destroys or long suspends ;
And the bonds of friends and brothers
Oft with reckless fury rends.

Yea, dread thought ! unchecked, it re
Worse than vain our prayers to The
That, as we forgive offenders,
We should Thy forgiveness see.

O then keep us meekly bearing
All that else might waken ire ;
And each heart Thy spirit sharing
With Thy heavenly peace inspire.

297

Christ Excusing and Pardoning. 11

HOW few that, tender sympathy expectin
In gloom and dread,
Turn to their dearest friends, and there det
Dull sleep instead,
Remember still how frail this mortal clay,
And, tho' with swelling heart, excuse as best

MEEKNESS AND FORGIVENESS.

Still fewer they, who, when their hands have lavished
 Their choicest good,
And scorn requites the boon, not bosoms ravished
 With gratitude,
Freely forgive, and look with sorrowing eye
On malice, skilled to work her own sad destiny.
And where, O where, amid the hosts displaying
 The Cross, are those,
Who hated, mocked, and basely wronged, are praying
 For bitterest foes,
While yet before them, and, with pitying glance,
Striving to bury still their sins in ignorance?
Meek, suffering Lord! no tongue can tell Thy glory
 In heaven or earth!
We read, we mark, we ponder deep the story,
 Of priceless worth:
But, fading like the spangles of the night
Before the blaze of day, our minds are lost in light!

298

The Reward of the Meek.

L.M.

IF earth be but a desert wild,
By pilgrims trod of various mood;
Yet, as they wend, the meek and mild
In secret eat of angels' food.

And here and there, through all the waste,
Are shaded fountains cool and sweet,
Whose waters they may freely taste,
And rest the while their weary feet.

Refreshed, serene, they journey on;
And, if there wake the tempest's din
Around them ever and anon,
Sweet melody is still within:

MEEKNESS AND FORGIVENESS

Within the heart; the lowly fane
Where God abides in wondrous
Preparing each to swell the strain
That fills His glorious courts ab

O! blessèd are the meek and mild
A goodly heritage is given
To them within the desert wild:
And what shall be their rest in

299.

Forgiveness.

AS God, my soul, commandeth
Forgive thou every enemy
Nor count the spirit tame,
That calmly bears the fiercest th
Or basest wrong, till thou forget
Thy meek Redeemer's nam

Aspiring, too, to share above,
O imitate below, His love,
And still with kindness stri
To quench the malice of thy foe
Then by experience thou shalt k
'Tis Godlike to forgive.

For God shall pardon more from
Than e'er thy bitterest enemy
Could do to wake thine ire
And thou, deserving pangs of he
Shalt take thy golden harp, and
The everlasting choir.

MEEKNESS AND FORGIVENESS.

0

Long-Suffering.

11.4.11.4.10.12.

LONG-SUFFERING Lord, we hope to dwell for ever

With Thee on high :

by that hope so blessèd, may we never

The grace deny

those who wrong us, which Thyself didst show
often upon earth to even Thy bitterest foe !

pour down more largely on Thy Church a spirit

Of meekest love ;

all below, aspiring to inherit

A home above,

never from their hearts the worst forgive,

with the best in peace and sweet communion live.

part to each the grace, so rare and holy,

To make for all

best excuse he may, and ever slowly

A wrong recall ;

remembering well how vain our hope of bliss

that thou extreme to mark the things we do amiss.

01

† *Love for Hatred.*

7s.

LORD, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay :

Duties I have left undone ;

Evils I have failed to shun.

Pardon, Lord ! and are there those

Who my debtors are, or foes ?

I, who by forgiveness live,

Here their trespasses forgive.

MEEKNESS AND FORGIVENESS.

May I feel beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs ;
Nor a worse requital dare
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return :
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

302

The Forgiving Saviour. 11.4.11.4.10.12

THERE are who kindly in their hours of gladness
Shed joy around ;
Yet cold or wrathful in the day of sadness
Toward all are found :
Like flowers, that healthful odours in the light
Breathe sweetly forth, and yet are noxious in the night.

And there be, too, a larger unblest number,
That good return ;
But wake, if wronged, like lions from their slumber,
And fiercely burn :
Shall such, Lord, bear Thy name and sing Thy praise ?
O give them eyes to see, and hearts to love Thy ways !

Pardoning Thy friends, forgetful in the Garden
Of Thee forlorn ;
Praying upon the Cross for foes that harden
Their hearts in scorn ;
Pleading for each the one, the only plea,
That even Thy divine all-searching eye could see ;—

MEEKNESS AND FORGIVENESS.

O ! never yet the angels that attending
Before Thee bow,
Beheld more wondrous hues of glory blending
Around Thy brow,
Than when, fulfilling boundless mercy's plan,
They saw their suffering Lord a meek forgiving man !

303

Peace within.

8884.

IF peace within, by day, by night,
Pass all without, in earth or sky,
Then do the right, and leave the right
With God on high.

Be it ten thousand foes assail
At once Thy name, and seek Thy fall,
A holy life, whate'er would fail,
Will answer all.

And meek endurance, as He taught,
Who every rule He gave obeyed,
Will prove a good past speech or thought,
When words are weighed.

Nor doubt that this, the happiest way,
Will surest prove to quell thy foes :
Fierce winds can only strength display,
If aught oppose.

Diligence.

304

Labour our Lot here.

105

MAN in the morning to his work goes fo
And rests at even :
Christian, forget not, labour is for earth,
Repose for heaven.

Who now sows precious seed, though it ma
Too oft with weeping,
Shall, if he patiently await it, see
A joyous reaping.

Fruit shall be gathered, whose abundant st
Shall never perish,
In fields of bliss, where God shall evermon
His children cherish.

Then scatter freely, nor withhold thy hand
Till close of even :
Earth is the place of toil ; the better land
Of rest is heaven.

305

Nobleness and Blessedness.

NOBLE are the souls that live
For a noble end :
Blessèd that rejoice to give
Blessings to extend.

Thou mayst not the harvest see,
But believing sow ;
And thy very work shall be
Joy enough below.

DILIGENCE.

Ever fresh, as is the light
Of the morning sun,
Is the labour for the right,
Freely, rightly done.

And, if sweet be quiet rest,
When the night descends,
O! what cometh 'mid the blest,
When all darkness ends!

Labourer, of mortal days,
But of aims divine,
Toil, and spend, and trust, and praise;
Good past thought is thine!

306

Life Sublime.

7s.

O! IT is sublime to live,
When, through every change we see,
Constant still, our hearts we give,
Perfect, like our God, to be!

Each new morning brings new joy;
For that now a task is ours,
Yielding ever fresh employ,
Worthy of our loftiest powers.

Not the bright hosts in the skies
Have diviner ends in view;
And to their bliss all shall rise,
Who such good on earth pursue.

They shall go from strength to strength,
They shall mount from height to height,
Until each appear at length
Perfect in the realms of light.

UNHASTING, yet
Work calmly day
Sow for the skies; my
And on thy Maker
Within the quiet garden
The sweetest flowers
Within the tranquil bosom
The loveliest graces

Unhasting, yet unresting
Like the bright orbs
The blessed saints and
Spread blessings far
Fervent, serene, unweary
Still doing good, the
And singing, serve for
Their never-resting labors

Unhasting, yet unresting

LIFE is not a holiday,
 But a day of hopeful toil :
 'Tis the hunter takes the prey ;
 'Tis the warrior wins the spoil.

Even on high the perfect rest
 Will be rest that souls could bear :
 And would slumber please them best ?
 Or were stillness gladness there ?

No ; but work in spreading joy,
 Free from care and weariness :
 That were ever sweet employ ;
 Rest divine of souls in bliss.

Greater good not angels know
 Than to love, and spread abroad
 Their own ceaseless joys, which flow
 From the unwearied love of God.

Come then, brethren, while we may,
 Works benignant let us do :
 So even earth shall day by day
 Heavenly joys for us renew.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see :
 And what I do, in anything,
 To do it as for Thee !

To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to Thee I tend :
 In all I do, be Thou the way,
 In all, be Thou the end !

IT GONE TO OBEY THE
Even servile labour
Hallowed is toil, if this
The meanest work,

310

Work with thy

THIS mortal life, to aid
Wisdom hath picture
His flight when swiftest, w
He downward darts, like a
O keep, my soul, that rap
And with thy might do wh

If fear can move thee, wor
And be not tempted to for
Treading even now so close
Where wisdom ceases and
O keep, my soul, that narro

Watchfulness.

311

† *Watch.*

S.M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight;
For awful is His name.
Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Amen.

312

Fleeting Joys.

L.M.

LIGHT be my hold, for ever light,
On all that hastens to decay ;
Or suddenly, by day or night,
With life itself may fleet away.

Thy gifts supreme,
As the old wreathèd l
And thence draw li

That when the joys a
Are, like its light a
Death may but prove
And heaven's etern

313

† *Watch and*

GREAT Judge o
Before whose
With holy joy or guilty
We all must soon
Do Thou our souls
For that tremendo
Inspiring each with wat
And waking each t
To pray and wait t

WATCHFULNESS.

O may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Expectant of the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we now ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest !

314

The Way of Peace.

88.

BE watchful, be sober, be calm ;
Rejoice, but with gladness sublime ;
Let faith for each grief be a balm ;
And let hope shed a glory on time.
Be careful for nothing below ;
Cast all that perplexes on God ;
Nor marvel some sorrows to know
In the path the Most Holy One trod.
Blend praises, too, ever with prayer,
And a love, come what may, that endures ;
So the peace which no lips can declare,
No mind understand, shall be yours.
O Father ! how blest to be Thine !
When the heart from the dust can arise,
And the beams of Thy Truth on us shine,
We are well nigh at home in the skies !

315

Readiness to Depart.

7775.

HELP me, Lord, to walk with Thee,
Mindful of the coming hour,
Calmly, purely, lovingly,
By Thy Spirit's power.

FROM each touch, each
With good hope in death
Of Thy holy hill !

And how blessed then th
Which can " Abba, Fa
Foretaste sweet of joys :
Ere yet breaks th

God and Saviour, lend T
Ever still, through fait
Peace we know, and holy
Love, and purity.

So, until my latest breat
Grant to me that faith
Then, come slow or sudd
Lord, Thy will is

316

Youthful Life Uncer

COME, ye children, mark

WATCHFULNESS.

Lambs may frolic in the sun ;
But how oft the pensive dams,
Circling whom they leap and run,
Long outlive the playful lambs !

Newborn rills, when summer glows,
Quickly fail to dance and sing ;
But the ancient river flows
Onward still, though murmuring.

Youth ! from nature, grave or gay,
Learn to flee from sin and sorrow ;
Say not, tis too soon to-day,
Lest it be too late to-morrow !

317

† *Life Uncertain.*

S.M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
'Twill be by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thy almighty power,
The aged and the young !

One thing demands our care :
O, be it still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed !

WATCHFULNESS.

To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night !

318

Our only Rest.

7a.

WHILE from place to place I rove,
Still to keep a tranquil breast,
And, with ever steadfast love,
Cleave unto my only Rest ;
In each changed and changing scene,
Thronged or lonely, vexed or still,
Thee to commune with unseen,
And my life's great trust fulfil ;
Lord, whate'er the soul design,
And howe'er resolved the heart,
This yet asks a power divine,
Which Thou only canst impart.
Grant that power, O Lord my God !
Still my Strength, my Guardian be ;
And, where'er I roam abroad,
Never let me roam from Thee.

319

The Frail Barrier.

D.L.M.

DOES but a trembling veil divide
My soul, O God, from heaven and Thee ?
Drawn by a viewless hand aside,
That thin frail barrier, should I see
Thyself revealed ; and, circling wide,
Thine angels blest, with saints now free
From death, who faded here and died ;
One vast adoring company ?

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS AND UPRIGHTNESS.

Then, ere this morning sun decline,
That glorious sight may greet mine eyes !
Nay, ere his noontide splendour shine,
My soul may as from darkness rise
Into Thy bright, yet sunless shrine !
O God ! hear now my suppliant cries,
And make me, by Thy grace divine,
Meet for the marvels of the skies !

Conscientiousness and Uprightness.

320

The Voice within.

6565.

CONSCIENCE softly whispers ;
Pleads with gentle breath :
Listen, and obey her,
O my soul, till death.
Never plead against her ;
She will but be dumb :
Count her wise, revere her ;
Boundless good will come :
Peace serene and holy,
Love that chases fear,
Hope of joy in heaven,
Foretastes of it here.
God too yet shall give her
More and more of light ;
Till, in His good season,
Error endeth quite.

Of the voice within thee,
O my soul, till death.

321

Faithful Service of God

O TRUST and serve the Lord
Give Him thy love, my heart
And be the path of conscience
Though every friend depart.

Meekly endure reproach and w
Beneath no ill repine ;
Breathe day by day a thankful
And let God's will be thine.

Yet ever, 'mid thy utmost pain
Thy watching, prayer, and st
For heavenly wisdom's present
And future endless life ;

Repose, with humble, grateful
On mercy vast as free,
Vouchsafed through Him, the I

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

Thy grace hath taught me that repose
Can ne'er on earth be known,
Until that peace be found, which flows
From trust in Thee alone.

And life reveals that all beside
Proves, in the darksome day,
Vain as a lamp gone out, to guide,
Or broken reed, to stay.

Then give me, Thou eternal Sun,
Ever an upright heart ;
Nor, till the cloudless land be won,
Let peaceful faith depart.

See also Hymns 473 and 474.

Almsgiving, Missions, etc.

323

Charity.

C.M.

LORD, send Thy Spirit from above,
And melt each bosom cold :
Let none, for lack of higher love,
Be filled with love of gold.

Give all to see, 'mid wants around,
And ignorance, and crime,
That Pity is a good profound,
And Charity sublime.

By His great love, who, being rich,
Became on earth so poor,
To win for us that portion, which
Makes rich for evermore ;—

Let none, for lack of hi
Be filled with love of

324

Cheerful Giving and

GOD wills, O man, th
Thou shouldst to
And cheerfully, His gif
Thyself receiving, liv

He loveth not the nigga
That grieveth to imp
Nor made for them the
Who take with murm

So good, so bountiful is
And us He loveth so,
He would we both His h
And happily towards i

Go happily from day to c

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

Then, with rejoicing, loving praise,
O man, receive and give ;
And thou, so blest through fleeting days,
Shalt blest for ever live.

325

† *The Poor.*

D.C.M.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline :
What can we offer, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?
But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace ;
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered ;
And, in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard.
Thyself with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see ;
And so, while kindly serving them,
Would do it, Lord, to Thee.

326

Blessed to Give.

C.M.

O FATHER, by Thy Spirit make
Our hearts indeed believe,
That 'tis more blest for Jesu's sake
To give than to receive.
That truth undying words reveal :
We would the blessing know :
But oft self-love hath power to steel
The breast to others' woe.

X

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, &c

Increase our faith in Him who
His life itself to give,
That all, who hear and love His
Through His dread death might
Might live in peace and joy below
And then, in worlds of bliss,
Might reap, as they once loved
All good around in this.

That faith once strong will surely
Our hearts indeed believe,
That 'tis more blest for Jesu's sake
To give than to receive.

327

† *Sympathy.*

FATHER of mercies! send Thy
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

O may our sympathizing hearts
The tender pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

Where'er the helpless sons of men
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to
And swift our hands to aid.

As Jesus lived and died for us
With pity kind and true,
May we, whom thus the Saviour
Love each his brother too!

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What, though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of 'God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we, to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

329

The Living Way.

THERE is a path no fowl doth know,
 Nor vulture's piercing eye hath se
 And by it heart to heart may go,
 Though ocean roll his floods between.

And is there not a way to Thee,
 God of the wandering and astray ?
 Thy word reveals, and faith can see,
 To heaven's high gates a Living Way

Yet, viewless to the eye of sense,
 Full many heed it not, but roam
 With weary heart the desert, whence
 It opens to a peaceful home.

Eternal Source of sunless light !
 Fountain of never-ending day !
 Disperse the dismal shades of night,
 And show to all the Living Way !

330

† *The Spirit invoked for All.*

O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all the fulness of Thy grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order in Thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with mig
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

Amen.

331

† *Israel's Sons.*

L.M.

O WHY should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of Heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground ?

O God of Israel ! view their race,
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
That hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The severed olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

Haste, glorious day ! expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise ;
With eager feet one temple throng ;
One God in holy anthems praise !

332

† *For Jew and Gentile.*

L.M.

ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
" I am Jehovah, God alone !"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice! for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesu's side.

Let Zion's time of favour come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

333

† *For the Jews.*

D.I

GREAT God of Abraham, hear our pray
Let Abraham's seed Thy mercy shar
O may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierced, and mour
Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wanderers to Thy fold;
Thy grace, for Jesu's sake, accord,
Till Israel love and praise the Lord!

Though aliens still, estranged from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree,
O let them not thus lost remain,
But spare, and graft them in again!
Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,
And write it on their inward parts;
The obscuring veil asunder smite,
Which hides Messiah from their sight.

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

O speed the day so long foretold,
When all mankind, one Shepherd's fold,
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer's name adore.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

334

† *Rain and Snow.*

666688.

MARK thou the gentle rain,
And softly falling snow ;
And ponder well the good
That each effects below :
They water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.
Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence Divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
So, saith the God of grace,
My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to achieve
The good which I intend :
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

335

† *The Reign of Jesus.*

L.M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Good shall abound wh
The prisoner leap to lo
The weary find eternal
And all the sons of wa

Let every creature rise
Peculiar honours to our
Angels descend with so
And earth repeat the lo

336

† *Crown Him Lor*

ALL hail the power
Ye angels, prostr
Bring forth the royal d
And crown Him Lor

Crown Him —

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall ;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

337

Farewell to a Missionary.

7s.

BROTHER, go ; your treasure bear
O'er the sea, in faith to toil :
Take, surpassing jewels rare,
Precious seed for distant soil.

Go, to scatter it abroad
With a hand and heart of love ;
And an eye that looks to God
For His blessing from above.

Shall the fervent hope be vain,
Which within your bosom glows,
That the barren howling plain
Soon shall blossom as the rose ?

No ; for He who prompts shall hear
From the wilderness a cry ;
And, for him who pleadeth near,
Shed the soft rain from on high.

Trees of righteousness shall spring,
Bloom, and bear, in genial rays ;
And the wilderness shall ring
With the melody of praise.

SPEED Thy servants, S
 Thou art Lord of wi
 They were bound, but Th
 Now they go to free th
 Be Thou with
 'Tis Thine arm alone th

Friends, and home, and all
 Lord, they go at Thy co
 As their stay Thy promise
 While they traverse' sea
 O, be with ther
 Lead them safely by the

When they reach the land
 And the prospect dark a
 Nothing seen but toils and
 Nothing felt but doubts
 Re- turn

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
There in mercy, Lord, be near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain ;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again !

In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be :
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see ;
There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that here their hands had sown :
There to be with Him who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone !

339

† *School Anniversary.*

666658.

CHILDREN.

COME, let our voice ascend
In one glad song of praise ;
And with the strain let each
His heart to God upraise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs,
He claims our earliest, latest songs.

CHILDREN.

Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine.

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends His Word to us and yo

CHILDREN.

Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brougl
Where prayer and praise ascend
And heavenly truths are taugl

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praises bring ;
Let old and young His praises sing

CONGREGATION AND CHILDREN

Lord crown our work of love,
We pray Thee, with success ;
The teachers and the taught,
And all who help us bless :
So shall our praise resound to The
Through time and through eternit

340

† *School Anniversary.*

GRACIOUS Saviour, holy Shep
Little ones are dear to Thee
Gathered with Thine arms, and ca
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd ! never leave the
From Thy fold to go astray ;
By Thy warning love directed,

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

May they walk the narrow way ;
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

Let Thy holy word instruct them,
Fill their minds with heavenly light,
Let Thy powerful grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right ;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring ;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

341

† *School Festival.*

S.M.

LORD JESUS, God and man,
On this our festal day,
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below,
As angels do above.

We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore,
With all Thy blessèd saints.

Y

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall !
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.
O joy to live for Thee !
O joy in Thee to die !
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally !
Lord Jesus, God and man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father one,
And Spirit evermore.

Amen.

342

† *Choir Anniversary.*

C.M.

THROUGHOUT all earth and air and sea
Sweet sounds our Father bless,
In hymns of natural harmony
From voices numberless.

The carol shrill of joyous bird,
The hum of honey-bee,
The leaves, by summer breezes stirred,
Which whisper on the tree,—

The cataract's rush, the ocean's roar,
Unite with one accord
In ceaseless chorus to adore
Their own and Nature's Lord.

The Church, with pipes and keys combined,
And notes of varied art,
Meet utterance ever strives to find
For music in her heart.

ALMSGIVING, MISSIONS, ETC.

Father, to-day accept our gift,
And by Thy presence bless
The hymns thy children here uplift,
To praise thy bounteousness.

Give glory to the Three in One,
Ye saints and heavenly host ;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost.

343

† *For a Hospital.*

L.M.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er He went Affliction fled,
And Sickness reared her fainting head.

The eye that long had rolled in night
Beheld, amazed, the Lord of light ;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.

May we by loving-kindness led,
In Jesu's steps delight to tread,
And needful aid like Him dispense,
With pure and warm benevolence.

O Thou dread Power ! whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
Our house of mercy deign to bless ;
The cause is Thine ; O grant success !

IN heart and life, O
And wait on Thee
Not hoping heaven to
In Thy redeeming grace
Tho' the hills shake and

But because Thou art
The peerless beauty of
And feel how sweet, he
In deed and spirit to
Freed from all fear, and

O grant this blessedness
If needful, sorrow on
Yet hear, O hear, one
Let me not need the
But by sweet mercy's

ASPIRATIONS.

Though like a wanderer
 (The sun gone down)
Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
Some sweet memorial,
 Lord, I will raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

And when on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee."

ASPIRATIONS.

346

Walking at Liberty.

(

LORD, I would count each moment Thi
Would spend, be spent, for Thee;
And so, in Thy fair boundless shrine,
Would walk at liberty:

Would calmly Thy designs fulfil;
Fears, doubts, and sorrows flown;
Chased by a firm, resolvèd will
To live to Thee alone.

But ah! Thy servant's strength is frail!
The dew-drop on the flower
Might easier bear the stormy gale
Than I the Tempter's power!

The past, the past reveals how vain
Is oft my holiest vow!
And so, unless Thy grace sustain,
Will prove my purpose now.

O Lord my God, that grace accord!
In every time of need
Do Thou, a present Help, afford
Strength to a trembling reed!

347

Strive again.

!

STILL conquered, strive again;
Despair count sin, and shun:
God is for all who love the right;
So victory must be won.

ASPIRATIONS.

Only be sure thy heart
Is single, fixed, and true ;
And then fear not, but with fresh hope
Still the good fight renew.

The Lord thy efforts sees ;
The Lord thy weakness knows ;
And still with pity this regards,
And smiles well pleased on those.

Then pray, then strive again ;
With faith the victory seek :
Who gave thee life that once wert dead,
Shall yet make strong the weak.

348

Friends of God.

6 of 7.

LORD of all the worlds on high,
That adorn the midnight sky,
And afar past sight extend ;
King of kings, who, on Thy throne,
Sway'st the universe alone ;
Wilt Thou call a man Thy friend ?

Thought is weak to scan Thy ways ;
With vain effort speech essays
In meet terms Thy grace to laud ;
But my prayer in mercy hear ;
Ever let my life appear
Worthy of a friend of God.

349

Worldly Good Insufficient.

C.M.

MY heart aspires, my soul is vast,
And couldst Thou give me all
That skill e'er won, or toil amassed,
O world, thou art too small !

ASPIRATIONS.

Thy best is like the morning cloud,
With hues so fair to see,
Floating in gorgeous beauty proud;
Then—dropping in the sea!

Ever it comes awakening fear,
To go bequeathing grief;
And then most fails the heart to cheer,
When most it needs relief.

Ah, vain! ah, blind! who worship thee,
And down before thee fall!
My soul through grace that sin shall flee:
O world, thou art too small!

350

Honour from God.

S.M.

HOPE not repose on earth,
Believe 'twill ne'er be known,
Until for thee 'tis need enough,
If God approves alone.

Who thirsts for human praise,
Let him not look for peace,
Till His way change who changes not,
Or man's to change shall cease.

O strive to please thy God:
That honour seek and prize,
Which lasts through time, survives the grave,
Delights in blissful skies.

So lust of praise shall die,
Peace beyond thought be known,
And thou shalt heavenly bliss foretaste,
Living to God alone.

Death.

351

Dying Alone.

C.M.

MAN was not formed to live alone,
Nor yet alone to die ;
Through life he needs some friendly tone,
Nor less when death is nigh.
Nor less ?—O rather let me sink
To nothingness once more,
Than stand alone on Jordan's brink,
Or quit alone its shore !
In health, in bright prosperity,
I need a voice divine,
To whisper that it comes from Thee,
And that myself am Thine.
What then, uncheered from heaven, the gloom
When earthly joys are flown !
O God, preserve me from that doom !
I cannot die alone !
When comes the solemn, final strife,
The failing, fluttering breath,
Thou who hast been my Hope in life,
O be my Help in death !

352

The Lonely Path.

7s.

LORD, I have a path to tread,
Solemn, silent, lone, and strange :
Ere each earthly want be fled,
There must come a darksome change.
Toward that change I daily wend :
It may even now be nigh :
God, if Thou wert not my friend,
It were dread to live or die.

NEVER, NEVER FOR ME
Stayed by Thee, I firmly
Left—I sink to utter

353

Death a Good

O DEATH! thou wert n
Come as thou wilt to
Beloved and prized, 'tis dr
Thy work of ruin done!

Or to ourselves the warnin
With gentlest motion re
Thy hand to smite—few, f
Can all unshrinking gaz

And yet, even thou hast g
O Death! 'tis bliss to fe
That all most dear in this
May live for endless we

With us may live, with us
Life's Fount the Etern

DEATH.

354

Death and Faith.

8886.

ERE yet thy hand be on my frame,
My soul, O Death ! shall muse on thee ;
And seek and pray that Jesu's name
May dear and dearer be.

'Twill soon be thine to quench the eyes,
To still the pulse, to stop the breath,
Steal every sense ; yet faith defies
Thine utmost might, O Death !

This frail, oft dull, oft wearied frame
The soul may want, yet not deplore ;
But wait till the last trump proclaim
The season to restore.

Then, robed afresh, the spirit soars :
Its own the heaven of heavens receives :
Her God she sees, draws near, adores ;
And never, never leaves !

O Death ! by grace divine, no ill
My faltering heart shall fear from Thee ;
But breathe, when even my lips are still,
Its praise for victory !

355

The Final Strife.

868686.

WHEN faintly flows the stream of life
Within my failing frame ;
When comes the lone and silent strife
Men shrink or shun to name ;
May trust and hope, with blessings rife,
My love but more inflame !

FROM THE CROSS
If living friends of
Because their for
The friends we miss
As near in truth

O Father ! if it be
Our sainted lost
As love may prompt
Unseen their form

If now, with power
Not less than sea
They watch with he
Our hopes, and fe

O grant that they m
We seek, we year
Until, like them, we
And share with th

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Our first birth wakes a note of pain,
The next a thankful song,
The last and best a rapturous strain
'Mid heaven's immortal throng.

O Fount of Life! O Quickening Breath!
Still in our souls abide:
Then love shall chase the fear of death,
And every fear beside.

360

Strength for the Last Hour.

10s.

IN life's last hour, when sinking to the tomb,
Still grant me strength to look, to cling to Thee!
Light of my soul, in brightness and in gloom,
Let this remain through every change I see!

Bereft of Thee, O whither could I go?
Dreary and dark and lone, one boundless grave,
Would be the universe, did I not know
That Thou wert nigh to succour and to save.

Then be Thou mine! be now, be ever mine!
For ever let me look and cling to Thee!
And when life fails, O let Thy love divine
Light my still soul into eternity!

The Sacred Scriptures.

361

† *Holy Bible.*

7s.

HOLY Bible, Book Divine!
Priceless treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to teach Jehovah's name,
Whose I am, and whence I came.

Warn me of the sinner's
Make me meet, through
For the eternal home ab
Mine, to comfort in distr
Guide through all my life
Then, when fails this mor
Mine, to yield me peace i
Father, let the Light fr
Thy Good Spirit, too, be
And then, both the Book
And all else I need is mi

362

The Brightening Tre

LORD, Thy Word, our bri
In life's deepest shade,
Yieldeth still increasing plea
As all else doth fade ;
From the wilderness it show
How the land of promise gl
O'er the vale of sweet reno

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

May the Sacred Page be clearer
To our vision still :
May the good it shows be dearer,
Hated more the ill :
Grant us, Lord, the grace we need,
Light vouchsafe us as we read,
Tend us, guard, and safely lead
To Thy holy hill.

363

Sanctifying Truth.

8785.

SCAN the Sacred Page devoutly :
Often shall its light sublime
Break upon thee like the morning,
In the vernal time.

So thy grateful heart shall prize it,
And to thee shall be revealed
More and more the good unmeasured,
Truth when loved can yield.

Thou the liberty and beauty,
Thou the greatness shalt perceive,
Of the life in Jesus hidden,
And to Him shalt cleave.

Ways of pleasantness shall cheer thee,
Paths of peace shall soothe,
Till thy heart be meet for heaven,
Sanctified by Truth !

364

Streams in the Desert.

85857775.

SWEET are waters freshly flowing
In a weary land,
When to fainting travellers showing
All they crave at hand :



How the barren
And with fruit
When the eye by
Sees the living
Tranquil now the
High and pure the
Fair its visions as
In the morning
Fairer still shall be
Soon to be desired
Sweeter joys shall y
Lovelier scene
Lord, till every ear
Every heart to praise
Spread the tidings o
Wide—as ocean

• For tune see e

THE LORD'S DAY AND HOUSE.

That grace yet more and more impart ;
Give each this day Thy peace to share ;
Thy temple, Lord, make every heart,
And dwell adored for ever there.

66

House of Prayer.

C.M.

COME hither oft in love and fear,
Ye sorrowing Christians, come :
The mourner here God loves to cheer
With prospects sweet of home.

Come, ye in spirit strong and glad,
To breathe your worship too :
As ye would ne'er grow faint and sad,
Here joy and strength renew.

Ye aged, oft-times hither come,
To seek yet warmer love :
On earth your lips will soon be dumb ;
Prepare to praise above.

Nor less, ye young, perform your parts,
And aid our sweet employ :
God loves and asks your tender hearts :
O yield those hearts with joy !

And Thou, Great Father of us all,
Yet more thy servants bless ;
Fill each that here shall on Thee call
With peace and righteousness.

67

The Lord's Day.

7s.

CALM and sweet Remembrancer
Of the Hand Divine that drest
Earth in beauteous robes of light,
Blessèd art thou, Day of Rest !

THE LORD'S DAY AND HOUSE.

Calm and sweet Remembrancer
Of the Lord for us opprest,
Who triumphant rose from death;
Blessèd art thou, Day of Rest!

Thou remindest too of Light
Sent from heaven to guide us there;
And that Light reveals thy worth,
Calm and sweet Remembrancer!

O may we, yet more and more
Seeking all thou shouldst confer,
Gain the rest thou shadowest,
Calm and sweet Remembrancer!

368

Our Weekly Rest.

C.M.

FROM rest to rest how sweet to wake
One morn in every seven !
From week to week how blest to grow
More meet for rest in heaven !

We thank Thee for these tranquil hours,
This pause 'mid toil and care :
For strengthening and refreshing grace,
O Father, hear our prayer !

May every sabbath find us bent
To tread the heavenward road ;
And leave us nearer than the last
To Thine own blest abode.

Then, all our weekly stages past,
And life's great journey o'er,
With gentle voice, Lord, call us home,
To see Thee, praise, adore.

THE LORD'S DAY AND HOUSE.

369

Grant Thy Peace.

7s.

ALL is peaceful in the sky :
All be peaceful here below !
Father, may we feel Thee nigh,
And a holy calmness know !

On this day of sacred rest,
Now within Thy house of prayer,
Let no thought of sin molest,
Far away be worldly care.

With glad tidings from above,
With whate'er reveals Thy grace,
And should fill our hearts with love,
Doubts and fears and sorrows chase.

They who know not yet Thy peace,
Grant them, Lord, that boon to-day :
Where it dwells, the gift increase
By Thy Spirit's gentle sway.

So our earthly day of rest,
So our happy worship here,
Shall with influence strong as blest
Higher, holier courts endear.

370

The Fixed Resolve.

7s.

MANY hearts have here been blest,
Many moved to love and fear :
Let Thine eye in mercy rest
Now, Lord, on Thy servants here.

Oft in quiet Sabbaths past
Souls have here received new powers :
Father, in Thy goodness vast,
Let that grace to-day be ours.

But with fixed resolve to cleave
Unto Christ, the Living Word

371

† *Come.*

SWEET is the Spirit's strain ;
In quiet moments often he
Whispering within the bosom
By conscience, and the written Word
Come, wanderers, home again

The Bride repeats the call
In lofty song, in lowly prayer,
By days of rest, and fostering care
And holy rites, that all may share
She crieth, Come ! to all.

And let all come who thirst
Freely for every child of woe
The streams of living waters flow
And whosoever will may go

THE LORD'S DAY AND HOUSE.

372

† *The Lord of Life.*

C.M.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death :
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By His expiring breath.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

And O may all both seek and pray,
That nations yet unborn
May love the Lord of life and light,
And hail His sacred morn !

373

† *Walk in Paradise.*

886886.

WELCOME, sweet day, of days the best,
The time of holy joy and rest,
When hither we repair,
To hear God's word, and see His face,
To learn His will, and sing His grace,
And breathe our praise and prayer.

THE LORD'S DAY AND HOUSE.

This is employment all divine ;
My soul, the blest assembly join,
And from the world retire ;
Draw near thy heavenly Father's throne
Thy risen Saviour's glories own,
And feed thy holiest fire.

Forget the trifles here below,
The shining dust, the gaudy show,
All worldly mirth and cares :
On wings of strong devotion rise,
Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,
And leave beneath the stars.

To God direct thy steady flight,
Thy Fount of bliss, thy Life and Light ;
And there, with wondering eyes,
View every glorious marvel o'er,
And with transported heart adore,
And walk in Paradise.

374 † *Creation, Redemption, Sanctification.*

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise
Who, creation's fount and spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.
On this day the eternal Son
Over death His triumph won ;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light !

THE LORD'S DAY AND HOUSE.

Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine !

375

† *God's Temple and Sabbath.*

S.M.

LORD, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is this day Thine own,
When men draw near to God.

Thy Temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky ;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of Thine eternity.

Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight ;
There may we all our worship pay
In pure unclouded light.

376

† *Sabbaths needed.*

S.M.

SING to the Lord, our might,
With holy fervour sing ;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

▲ ▲

And God is still as near His fold
To pity and to bless.

Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied
Will help His Israel still.

377

† *The Power of Prayer.*

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shade of night
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye looks round on seraphim
That arm upholds the sky

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

That power is Prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne ;
It moves the Hand, which moves the world
And brings salvation down.

Old and New Year.

378

The Closing Year.

FROM day to day, from hour to hour,
Through all this closing year,
Thy gifts, O God, in copious shower,
Have blessed Thy children here.

Now grant that every heart may swell
With gratitude and love ;
And every tongue delight to tell
What Goodness reigns above.

Nor less, O Father, hear our prayer,
That still as time shall flow,
The love our thankful songs declare
Our righteous lives may show.

O Thy Good Spirit make us pure ;
Forgive, O God, the past ;
Through future years keep each secure,
And then take home at last.

Ough future years ? O rather thus,
If such Thy will, we pray :
Should but hours remain for us,
O, take us home to-day.

Thus another year is past,
And is now no more our own,
Whatsoe'er its ill or good,
Than the years before the flood.

But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us much in debt
Favours from the Lord received
Sins that have the Spirit grieved
Marked by God's unerring hand
In His book recorded stand :
Who can tell the vast amount
There set down to his account ?

We have nothing, Lord, to pay
But for Jesu's sake we pray,
Hear the souls that on Thee call
And forgive us freely all.

If we see another year,
May we spend it in Thy fear ;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Countless changes, griefs and joys,
Now are left behind ;
All designed in love, and yet,
All with sins combined !

Lord, we bless Thee for the good :
It was Thine alone :
In Thy grace forgive the ill :
It was all our own.

With the new year give new life :
Let its course be strewed
With Thy choicest blessings, Lord ;
Wakening only good :

Moving every heart to love,
Every tongue to praise,
And with holiest thoughts and deeds
Filling all its days.

But—some may not see its close !
Lord, if that should be,
Let them see what closeth not ;
Rest in heaven with Thee.

81

Sowing for Eternity.

7s.

MAN may sow for fruits of time
Fields and plots at seasons rare ;
For the eternal fruits sublime,
When he will, and everywhere.

Lord, make this a present thought
To our hearts each day and hour
Through the new year time hath brought ;
And give all to feel its power.

Λ Λ 2

Shed the soile weeds and the
Praise and glory shall be Thine
Joy and gratitude be ours.

We will love Thee, O our God
Serve, delight in Thee, and do
Till we reach Thy blest abode
Then be Thine for evermore

382

No Work in the Grave.

WISER, holier grow we now
As the swift years on
And shall good, through life
Be in death be

Death is silent, cold, and dark
Like the grave, for work is
Life, the wondrous, priceless
Still for work

Death came forth from mort

SPRING.

Seasons of the Year.

83

Spring.

7676.

ON this fair earth, O mortals,
Look far and wide around !
See, Spring with countless garlands
A Hand unseen hath crowned !

But late, the snows of Winter
On every side were spread ;
And woods, and fields, and gardens,
Looked desolate and dead.

The Vernal sun broke on them ;
And, as from death, arose
Fresh forms and hues of beauty,
Where lay the Winter snows.

Another Spring yet cometh ;
A brighter Sun will break ;
And lo ! from tombs unnumbered
Shall saints to rapture wake !

With forms divinely moulded,
Like angels from the skies,
Shall they from death and darkness
To light and life arise.

Weak is your faith, O mortals ?
With thought yet more profound,
Muse on the snows of Winter ;
See Spring with garlands crowned !

SPRING.

Is still your faith but feeble ?
O breathe a prayer !—and then,
Behold, from death and darkness,
The Light and Life of men !

384

Spring.

87877.

BUDS are bursting into beauty ;
Flowers their first fresh hues display ;
Nature fails not in her duty
Of the spring-time, day by day
Earth with garlands to array.

Lord of nature, for the blossoms
And the leaves on plant and tree,
And whatever wakes our bosoms
To the purest joys that be,
We will chant our praise to Thee.

O ! it makes our journey pleasant, ,
Moves the dullest heart to sing,
When we see Thee, Father, present
In each bright and lovely thing,
Which returning seasons bring !

Hear our praise, Thou Sun, whose beaming
In the heaven-born spirit glows ;
Thou, the wilderness redeeming,
Till with gladness it o'erflows,
And doth blossom as the rose.

We will bless Thee morn and even,
We will bless Thee noon and night,
Till from earth we soar to heaven,
*And what here appeared so bright
Fades in everlasting light.*

SUMMER.

385

Spring.

8 of

WE look around upon returning Spring,
Source of all life and beauty ! and to Thee
Would turn with renovated love, and sing
The goodness that adorns each bush and tree ;
But, dull our spirits, and too cold our praise !
By sin enfeebled, we essay in vain
On heavenly wings our earthly thoughts to raise,
And chant Thy glories in a worthier strain !

Would that the scene around us could impart
To us some portion of its living power ;
And raise these dying feelings of the heart,
As bursts the bud of Spring and blooms the flow
Then should the hymn of gratitude ascend
Pure as the song which seraphim might own,
And even from earth should mortal voices blend
With their's who sing for ever round the throne

O God of nature and of grace, look down !
Thou that canst deck the dry and withered stem
With lovely hues, to which the monarch's crown
Were mean, though glittering with costliest gem
Look down on us ! Shall these proclaim Thy praise
And we be silent ? Lord, renew our powers,
And we will chant Thy love in heavenly lays,
Till nature's praises shall be poor to our's.

386

Summer.

L.M

BRIGHT Summer now lights up the skies :
Lord, light with love my heart and mind ;
And all my powers in strongest ties
To Thy free, happy service bind.

Although too oft, alas ! mine eyes
Are lured and won by meane
O then, as Summer lights the a
Light Thou with love my hea
And all my powers in strongest
To Thy free, happy service bi

387

† *Summer.*

BLUE are the heavens above
Soft is the summer air,
In field and garden, fruits and
Are fragrant now and fa
And meadows, woods, and str
With various beauty, happy l
From mountain, plain, and
All nature's voices rise
To Thy great temple, Lord, a
With holier harmonies ;
The songs of angels, who on
Behold Thy works in earth an

AUTUMN.

Father, forgive our coldness ;
Our best affections raise,
Till we yet more than meaner things,
Abound in songs of praise :
Let every heart delight to swell
The anthems which Thy goodness tell.

88

† *Autumn.*

C.M. .

MOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !

How rich Thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
Thy kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Thou own and bless Thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Thy ed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

AUTUMN.

389

Harvest.

FIRST clothing earth with beauty,
Then on his table spread,
His life and love to strengthen
Man sees his daily bread.

A few seeds from the garner
The sower strewed around,
When fast approaching Winter
Made chill the naked ground.

Yet, from the ground upspringing,
Came forth the blades of green,
And grew, till golden cornfields
Were still, or waving, seen.

Then bowed them down the reapers
Beneath the cheering sun ;
And soon, with healthful labour,
The earth's best fruit was won.

O bless the God of harvests !
Ye people whom He feeds,
Who thus returns so largely
Your few dry scattered seeds.

O bless the God of harvests !
And learn, and sow, and pray,
And look for other reapers,
And a greater harvest-day.

390

Harvest.

THE harvest is gathered ;
And now let us raise
To its Author and Giver
Loud anthems of praise.

AUTUMN.

Like all that should gladden,
It comes from above;
And the best fruit it yieldeth
Is nurture for love.

And love let it nourish,
As bread 'twill afford;
And love, as that bread
Shall remind of the Lord.

What strengthens the heart,
Be it daily to each
An emblem that sweetly
And clearly can teach.

So, while of all mercies
The Source 'twill express,
The Saviour Himself will
Be present to bless.

His smile will enlighten
Our dwellings below;
And kindness and gladness
Around us shall flow.

Nor will He forsake us,
Till, ripe for the sky,
We are taken and garnered
By angels on high.

O God of our spirits!
O Bread from above!
While feeding our bodies,
Feed ever our love!

DOUBT HEART WAS FORTH
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring
The streams rejoice.

The wind, the rain, the sun,
Their genial work have done
Would'st thou be fed ?
Man, to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once didst
God sends thee bread.

Thy few seeds, scattered wid
He hath so multiplied,
That thou may'st find
Christ's miracles renewed :
With self-producing food
He feeds a multitude ;
He feeds mankind.

AUTUMN.

392

† *Praise to the God of Nature.*

7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous Source of every joy !
Let Thy praise our tongues employ ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use,—

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,—

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, O God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Songs of gratitude and praise.

393

† *Harvest.*

6 of 8.

LORD of the harvest ! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet, holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

AUTUMN.

The bare, dead grain, in Autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings :
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reapers' task :
So shall thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed ;
Supply our fainting spirits' need !
O Bread of Life ! from day to day
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

394

After a scanty Harvest.

87

WHAT, though fields of earth have yielded
Scant return for toilsome days,
Thou, the Lord our God, remainest,
And our lips shall chant Thy praise.
Countless gifts, too, yet surround us,
Whatsoe'er may blighted be ;
And Thy best exalts our spirits,
While we can rejoice in Thee.
By that Light within, O Father,
Seeing, may we lay to heart
All Thy goodness now would teach us,
All our fields can still impart.

AUTUMN.

Toil for earth, they show, may fail us ;
Best of seed in vain be strewed :
Toil for heaven hath Thine own promise,
Sure as that Thyself art Good.

Lord, vouchsafe us grace to labour
Here, as children of the skies ;
Then, to gather fruits immortal
By the streams of Paradise.

395

† *After a Scanty Harvest.*

D.76.

IN holy contemplation,
Give me, my God, to view
Each day thy great salvation,
And peace and love renew :
So, free from present sorrow,
My faith shall calmly say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But Thou wilt bear me through :
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;

B B 2

PAST is the harvest, and the
 Autumn hath gently laid
 Her vest of many hues, so softly
 We scarce can sigh for Summer
 But all is fading fast! the chilly
 Pales night and day what is so
 And soon will sing a dirge above
 Lifting their naked arms all cold
 And then will come the wild and
 Sweeping o'er woods that were
 And then—a dull and heavy clo
 O'er the still scene one windings
 Mortal, awake!—a voice in har
 “What thy hand soweth it shall
 Now speak the fading leaves: if
 Who knows that thou shalt see
 Thou may'st be hidden out of s
 De lying on the ground 'mid mi

WINTER.

397

Withered Leaves.

THOUGH autumn winds have swept al
And strewn with death the plain,
Some scattered trees in field and grove
Their withered leaves retain.

As if, despite the blast, were left
Where many an eye might scan,
The more for branches round bereft,
A warning still for man.

Mortal, awake ! each withered leaf,
So lightly hung on high,
Reminds thee that thy day is brief,
And says—Prepare to die !

But, ah ! do thoughts of coming death,
But gloom and sadness give ?
Then hear another voice, which saith,
Awake, arise, and live !

Gaze not upon the wintry boughs,
With mournful symbols rife ;
But turn thee now, while Heaven allows,
And view the Tree of Life.

Behold, how beautiful it grows !
That foliage withers never :
O pluck by faith the fruit it shows,
And eat—and live for ever !

THE Son of God goes forth
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams :
Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink His cup of
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears His cross be
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His t
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the
Who follows in his train ?

A solemn thought

SAINTS' DAYS.

399

† *Saints on Earth and in Heaven.*

C.M.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family, we dwell in Him ;
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we not long on earth shall roam,
But soon must leave as they.

Lord Jesus, be our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And show the path to heaven.

Amen.

400

† *Departed Saints.*

S.M.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

They all, in me and
With Thee, their Lor
Learnt from Thy Holy Sp
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name v
And humbly pray th
May follow them in holin
And live and die in T

401 † *Robes of Righteo*

HOW bright these glori
Whence all their v
How came they to the bl
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they, from
Who came to realms
And in the blood of Ch
The robes which shin

SAINTS' DAYS.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

402

† *Saints above.*

D.7s.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?
These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master died ;
Counting earthly gain as loss,
Glorying in the Crucified.

Out of great distress they came.
And their robes, by faith below,
In the life-blood of the Lamb
They have washed as white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night ;
God doth dwell among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

God Himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye

403

† *Earthly and Heavenly Praise*

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!

We praise Thy name with
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness
Through all the world do worship

To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs
Both cherubin and seraphin,
The heavens, and all the powers

The Apostles join the glorious
The Prophets swell the immortal
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise

Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, true
— earth below, and heaven

SAINTS' DAYS.

The tyrant's wrath shall bless
The wrong'd that meekly bear ;
Though it may yield no fruit for him
But fear, or dark despair.

The martyr's blood may seem
As water spilt in vain ;
But water spilt shall rise and fall,
And blood may be as rain.

Even wealth, that feeds all vice,
Till health, strength, life depart,
May gladden many a poor man's home,
Who toils with pious heart.

O God, while none for thee
Can waste his power or pelf,
Or aught beside, preserve us each
From wasting for himself.

405

Faith and Sight.

10s.

FETTERED, imprisoned, in a dungeon dark,
Ye note the faithful teacher with surprise ;
'Tis but the dust he heedeth not ye mark ;
His spirit soars, and sings, and roves the skies.

The martyr dies, and mortals o'er him weep :
Hath God forgot the gracious word He gave ?
Even while ye ask, enraptured seraphs sweep
Their golden harps above the martyr's grave.

O walk by faith ! sight is a feeble power ;
Nay, oft is treacherous to the hearts that trust :
While yet ye may, the viewless, endless dower
Grasp with a hand that sinks not to the dust !

c c

O be with them, guard and guide
 Still, their faith, their zeal, inc
 And, whatever ills betide them,
 Whisper to their spirits peace.
 Make them wise to deal with foll
 Meek to bear reproach and wr
 Shining lights, examples holy ;
 Through Thy Life within then
 Crown their labours with Thy bl
 And, when rest at last is giv
 O do Thou, Thine own confessin
 Show them their success in he

407

† *Who Winneth Souls is Wu*

G O forth to toil ; to spend, be
 Thy joy to do Thy Father'
 It is the way the Master went ;
 And it must be the servant's
 Go forth to toil : from day to d

EMBER DAYS.

Toil on, toil on : a little while,
And rest shall come in blissful skies ;
Where thou, beyond thy thought, shalt see
That he who winneth souls is wise.

408

Life imparts Life.

NOT like odour from the censer,
But like perfume from the flower,
Must be truth from its dispenser,
Ere it prove a note of power.

It must live within the bosom,
Go forth living from its dwelling,
As the fragrance from the blossom,
Of its own pure birth-place telling.

Lips that art alone hath gifted,
These shall not the spirit fire ;
But the souls by grace uplifted,
Living souls shall life inspire.

As then, brethren, blessed and blessing,
We would spread pure joy around us,
May we, boldly truth confessing,
Live to Him who sought and found us !

09

Fishers of Men.

7775.

CALM, and bold, and strong in love,
Wouldst thou ply the Gospel net ?
Then, remember God above ;
And thyself forget.

Now in lake, and now in river,
Now in stormy ocean toil ;
And, successful, bless the Giver
Of Thy priceless spoil.

~~All in vain, though cast~~
Wait the Great Day and
Ere thou judg

O ! what issues that may
Even of thy poor toil a
But, till then, enough to
Thou dost nei

Spend, then, and be spent
In all waters ply the n
Through all skies see God
And thyself

410

Teachers and Hear

O FATHER, in Thy love
To those who teach an
And grant whate'er we
The one to speak with holy
The other to receive and fe
And each for all to ple

BAPTISM.

So, Lord, may teachers live to Thee,
Nor hearers less devoted be,
Through life's momentous days;
And then may all with rapture rise
To Thy great temple in the skies,
And still together praise!

See also Hymn 475.

Baptism.

411

Infant Baptism.

THE Son beloved, Thy mercy gave,
An infant came, mankind to save:
That grace unspeakable to share
An infant now to Thee we bear.

O God, a tender Father be
To *him* we dedicate to thee:
Take Thou, and guide to realms above
This feeble child with mighty love.
No other trust our hearts shall own;
No other hope but Thee alone:
The path to bliss through danger lies;
But Thou art great, and good, and wise
Lord, hear our prayer for Jesu's sake;
As Thine own child our treasure take;
And O! to one blest home above
Conduct us all with mighty love!

412

† *Infant Baptism.*

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feedi
With the shepherd's kindest care
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share

BAPTISM.

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

413

† *Baptism.*

C.M.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But as His soldier, manfully,
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by ;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with Him on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share His crown !

HOLY COMMUNION.

414

Adult Baptism.

BAPTIZED into the name
Of my redeeming Lord ;
Inspired with loftiest, holiest aim
That grace can man accord ;
To Thee, my God, I raise
A spirit glad and free,
And dedicate once more my days
With firm resolve to Thee.

I bless the Love Divine,
That hath thy servant found ;
And would for evermore be Thine,
And light diffuse around.
In word, in thought, in deed,
I yield me to Thy will :
O God, my purpose kindly heed,
And help me to fulfil !

See also Hymns 200, 425.

Holy Communion.

415

† *Holy Communion.*

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good
To them that find Thee, all in all !

Our comfort
Where'er our changeful lot is
Glad, when Thy gracious smile
Blest, when our faith can ho

O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm
Chase the dark night of sin aw
Shed o'er the world Thy hol

416

Holy Communion.

BLEST emblems of redee
May all by you be fed
In every land, who shall thi
To Jesu's feast be led !

O simple signs of truth div
What lessons have ye ta
How many a heart to peac
From fear and sadness b

O tokens of unmeasured g

HOLY COMMUNION.

417

Holy Communion.

C.M.

TO all Thy servants, who this day
Draw near Thy table, Lord,
More faith, more love, we humbly pray,
With every good, accord.

In those who come with spirit cold,
O wake the holy fire :
Each heart that needs to be consoled,
With comfort sweet inspire.

Strengthened, refreshed, in soul and mind,
By Thy most sacred feast,
May each thence take his path assigned,
From sins and cares released ;

And onward go, a shining light
Before his fellows' eyes,
Till, soaring high with rapturous flight,
He shine beyond the skies !

418

† *Holy Communion.*

L.M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy goodness know.

Sweet is the feast which Jesus makes ;
Communion of his flesh and blood ;
Thrice happy who in faith partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !

Lord, let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests :
And O, may each salvation see,
Who here its sacred pledges tastes !

YE followers of the King
Who round His table
Remember what His spirit
And what His primal law
The love which His pure heart
Did all his actions guide
Inspired by love He lived
Inspired by love He died
Let each His sacred law follow
Like His be every mind
Be every heart the home
And every action kind.
Let none who call themselves
Disgrace the honoured
But still by near resemblance
The title which they claim

420

† *Remembrance of*

ACCORDING to Thy

CONFIRMATION.

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary ;
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee.
Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
Will I remember Thee.
And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee ;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me ! Amen.

Confirmation.

421

† *Before Confirmation.*

L.M.

LOOK down, O Lord ! and on our youth
Bestow Thy gifts of heavenly grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find their young hearts a fruitful place.
Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite ;
Bid each his heart and life review.
The cross that marked their infant brow,
May it a faithful token prove,
That they shall keep that sacred vow,
And walk as children of Thy love.
Lord ! teach them to remember Thee,
Their great Creator, from their youth,
Advancing to maturity
In years, in knowledge, and in truth.

GREAT Father, we have
 To Thee a solemn vow
 O help us until death to pay
 What we have promised
 We bless Thee that in Jesu'
 Our happy lot is cast;
 That we Thy sacred truth b
 And feel thy mercy vast.
 But, Lord, that truth now p
 In which Thy grace we s
 It tells us that our foes are
 And that ourselves are w
 That, though this day with
 We have drawn near to
 And evermore Thy children
 And faithful long to be;
 Yet much will tempt us all
 And break our solemn v
 Help us Lord till dea

CONFIRMATION.

Help us to follow Him who died,
And rose again, our souls to save,
To take, to trust Him as our Guide
And Guard from childhood to the grave.
Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest ;
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.
And, when the awful signs appear
Of judgment, and the throne above,
Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear ;
God is our Trust ; and God is Love.

424

† *At Confirmation.*

6 of 8.

FATHER, thy children pray to Thee ;
A boon of love divine we seek :
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel or tongues could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee this day.
Lord, hear another suppliant cry !
When we draw near Christ's table spread,
And, tokens of His agony,
The wine partake, and broken bread,
Bless Thou, O bless, Thy children's prayer,
That they may find their Saviour there !
And O ! yet hear our prayer again !
Thy children ask one blessing more :
In that fast coming day, Lord, when
Life, death, and time itself are o'er ;
Grant that we all may rise and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee !

D D

Strong in the Lord of Hosts
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus t
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great mi
With all His strength end
And take to arm you for the fig
The panoply of God.

That, having all things don
And all your conflicts past
Ye may o'ercome through Chri
And stand complete at last

See also Hymn 200.

For Children

426

Young and Weak.

STRONG and weak yet w

FOR CHILDREN.

Young and weak, yet we can trust,
Serve Thee, and obey ;
We can please Thee, we can shun
Every evil way.

But we need Thy loving aid :
Hand and heart and tongue,
All without Thy grace will fail :
Help the weak and young !

Prayers and praises, Lord, will be
Coldly said and sung,
But for Thy Good Spirit's power :
Help the weak and young !

Leave us not by night or day,
Till we dwell among
Saints and seraphs in the skies,
Never weak, though young.

427

† *Young and Erring.*

8

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat ;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry ;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.
Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

FOR CHILDREN.

Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Day by day Thy grace implore,
In Thy love and care rejoice,
Serve and praise Thee evermore.

28

† *Praise to Jesus.*

C

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord:
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts! how free!
Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
Thy name our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

FOR CHILDREN.

429

† *Christ's Love for Children.*

C.M.

WHEN Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose a humble birth ;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace ;
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round him pressed ;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie !
When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around ;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King !
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing !

430

† *The Good Shepherd.*

878747.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us ;
Much we need Thy tender care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
For our use Thy folds prepare :
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us ; Thine we are.

D D 2

Hear young children when
Thou hast promised to receive
Poor and sinful though we
Thou hast mercy to relieve us
Grace to cleanse, and power
Blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.
Early let us seek Thy favour
Ever let us do Thy will :
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us : love us

431

† *The Guide of the Weary*

SHEPHERD of Israel, from
Thy feeble flock behold
And let us never lose Thy love
Nor wander from Thy flock

FOR CHILDREN.

Guide us ¹through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast.

432

† *The Child's Trust.*

L.M.

GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?
O then, through thy dear Son, my prayer
Shall win for me Thy tender care;
And Thou wilt hear the feeble praise,
Which even a little child can raise.
O Father! let me ever be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
Help me in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.
From hour to hour may I depend
Upon my great, Almighty Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whate'er seems right and good to Thee.
And, O my Father! when at last
My journey here on earth is past;
Send down, and take me in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

433

† *Children's Hosanna.*

76767698.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
The Lord to Zion came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;

FOR CHILDREN.

Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He passed along,
He let them still attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now a King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

For, should we cease proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

Holy Matrimony.

434

† *The Primal Marriage.*

D.76.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away :
Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid ,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold prayer is said.
For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break,
Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
From out his piercèd side.
Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands ;
Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.
O spread Thy pure wing o'er them ;
Let no ill power have place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

HOW welcome was the
 And sweet the festal
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's
 To bless the marriage day
 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's
 For He who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power divine
 The water vessels knew ;
 And plenteous was the mystic
 The wondering servants drew
 O Lord of life and love !
 Come Thou again to-day ;
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away

Bless, as Thou didst of old
 The bridegroom and the bride

HOLY MATRIMONY.

436

Wedded Love.

C.M.

AMID the bowers of paradise
Had wedded love its birth ;
And still it lives, and sweetly blooms
Despite the thorns of earth.

It lives ; and, with an influence blest
Beyond our thought to sound,
Makes many a spot a garden yet,
That else were desert ground.

But frail through all and delicate,
It needs that gentlest air
Around it breathe ; for chills and storms
Soon spoil its beauty rare.

O happy, who have learnt its worth ;
Who feel its power to bless ;
And guard it well, and cherish it
With wakeful tenderness !

For them 'twill ever lovelier grow,
And sweetly yield its best ;
An emblem of yet holier love,
A union yet more blest.

O Husband of Thy cherished Church !
Thy choicest blessings pour
Upon this bridegroom and this bride
Now and for evermore.

437 *Coronation Day, or First Sunday*

GREAT King of kings, in me
 The sovereign of our favours
 Clothe her with robes of righteousness
 And guard and guide with love

Mid all the cares of royal state,
 Vouchsafe to her the peace desired
 Of those who love on Thee to wait
 Their strength know weak, and

In all her joys, and, O our God
 May these be countless, pure,
 Give her their Source to mark and
 And sweetly feel that Source

Her Throne keep strong by circles
 With truth and peace her kingdom
 Her people teach to prize above
 All else the wealth of righteousness

Friendly Societies, etc.

438

† *Praise for Success.*

L.M.

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear ;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love !

Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep ;
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

God of the widow, hear ;
Our work of mercy bless :
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us still success.

E E

He lived, He died, to shed abroad
In every heart the love of God
He rose, and His Good Spirit
To light the world with love, and

That Spirit teaches all to be
As children of one family ;
To wake from sin and death, and
The fellow-heirs of blissful skies

Through life one faith, one hope
And each his brethren's burden
Till every burden at the door
Of heaven be left for evermore.

Father, we pray, in Jesu's name
More widely spread the living flame
Till each to each united be
In deathless bonds, and all to Thee

See also Hymns 219, 231, 259, 325, 327.

National Affliction.

440

Our Help in Trouble.

6 of 1

WHEN sore afflicted and afraid,
We feel how vain is earthly aid ;
When dangers lurk on every hand,
And deepening darkness shrouds the land,
Great God, we thank Thee that to Thee
Our hearts can still for comfort flee.

To Thee, our Trust, to Thee alone,
By whom all wants, all fears are known,
Thy sorrowing servants turn to-day ;
And humbled, awed, repentant, pray
That Thou, whose anger none may bear,
Would'st now in tender mercy spare.

We own how justly might Thy Hand
More sorely yet afflict our land ;
That hope for all, from shore to shore,
Who now Thy pardoning grace implore,
Were quenched, and lost in anguish dark,
Wert Thou but our deserts to mark.

But, Lord, we still to Thee draw near,
Still ask Thy kind and gracious ear ;
We urge no claim ; no vain excuse
We dare before Thy throne produce ;
But this one prayer alone we make :
O spare us, Lord, for Jesu's sake !

And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own ;
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown :
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cri
And help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening Hand ;
And, pouring forth confession me
Mourn with our mourning land
With pitying eye behold our need
As now we breathe our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, I
Yet in Thy mercy spare.

NATIONAL AFFLICTION.

The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath ;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.
O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let Thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.
With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
We turn, who oft have strayed ;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed. Amen.

443

† Give Peace, O God.

L.M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease ;
The wrath of sinful man restrain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told ;
Remember not our sins' dark stain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord ?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word ?
None ever called on Thee in vain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
O bind us in that heavenly chain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Amen.

NATIONAL AFFLICTION.

444

† *War Deprecated.*

WHILE war's dread sound is heard aro
And death and ruin strew the grou
To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all ;
Whose love has stamped on human kind
The image of a heavenly mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Has cherished all the kindred race.

O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage ;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brother sheds a brother's blood ;
How guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

Great God, whose powerful arm can bind
The raging wave, and furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddened world to peace.
With reverence may each warring land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
On earth be peace, good will and love !

See also Hymn 35.

National Thanksgiving.

445

† *National Thanksgiving.*

878766667.

REJOICE to-day with one accord;
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown.
Let all his saints adore Him!

When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining:
O trust the arm, whate'er betide,
The universe sustaining:
Triumphant songs of praise
To God our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
O praise the Lord alway:
Let all His saints adore Him!

Rejoice to-day, with one accord;
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown:
Let all his saints adore Him!

Amen.

. *At Sea.*

446

Storm at Sea.

C.M.

THE floods lift up their waves, O God!
The waves in thunder fall;
The strong winds howl around; but Thou
Art mightier yet than all.

And Thou, great God, shalt be our Trust,
Alike in storm and calm:
O let Thy word now whisper peace,
And be a soothing balm!

Forbid that aught should drown its voice
For one before Thee now:
Our sins are dark: but, O our God!
With contrite hearts we bow!

We humbly bow, and pray through Him
Who died that we might live:
Hear us, Thou kind, long-suffering God!
And in thy grace forgive!

If Thou see good, O quell the winds,
And bid the waves be still!
But, come what may, for Jesu's sake,
Preserve our souls from ill!

447

† *Winds and Waves.*

D.86.

THE Lord our God is full of might;
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

AT SEA.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine :
Without His high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwinds to His car,
And sweeps the stormy skies.

Ye nations all, in reverence bend ;
Ye kings, obey His word ;
And bid the grateful song ascend
To praise the mighty Lord.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Sing praises, with the heavenly host,
Now, and for evermore.

448

† "'Tis I; be not afraid."

C.M.

WHO walks the waves in wondrous guise,
By nature's law unstayed ?
"'Tis I," a well-known voice replies ;
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Thus ever, when the storm is high,
Come, Saviour, to mine aid ;
Come, when no other help is nigh,
And say, " Be not afraid."

And say, "Be not afraid."

Before Thy judgment-seat above,
Lest nature sink dismayed,
O cheer me with the word of love,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

449

† *Peril at Sea.*

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the rest
Nor let the swelling ocean rise,
Above its stated boundaries;
O hear us now! we cry to Thee,
In peril 'midst the raging sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters hear
And hushed their billows at Thy word
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the roar could'st sleep
O hear us now! we cry to Thee
In peril 'midst the raging sea!

Most Holy Spirit, be with us

450

† *The only Helper.*

8 of 8.

IN sorrow's darkest, direst hour,
 When conscience speaks with thrilling power,
 When earthly counsel profits nought,
 And human help is vainly sought,
 What comfort else can life afford,
 But, with the saints who love the Lord,
 To fall before our Saviour's face,
 And humbly seek His pardoning grace?
 To lift the tearful, trembling eye
 To God's great mercy-seat on high,
 In hope that whispered words of peace
 May come and bid our terrors cease;
 That He by whose o'ermastering will
 Waves sank to sleep, and winds were still,
 May soothe the conflict of the breast,
 And lull tempestuous woes to rest?

O God, amidst the roaring sea,
 Our only trust we place in Thee:
 From out the depths to Thee we call;
 Our fears are great, our strength is small
 Thy constant love, Thy tender care,
 Alone can save us from despair:
 O let us hear, through storm and shade,
 Thy voice, "'Tis I; be not afraid."

451

† *The mighty Ocean.*

878777.

HAVE ye seen the mighty ocean
 Spread its waters far and wide,
 All its waves in ceaseless motion
 Bear along the rolling tide?
 When that mighty flood ye view,
 Think of God's great love for you:

Love that pardons your transgr
Love that bears you on its br
Wafts you safe from all oppress
To the land of endless rest :
With that haven full in view,
Think of God's great love for y

452

† *The Blessedness of Piety.*

HOW are Thy servants blessed
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide ;
Their help omnipotence.

From all their griefs and danger
Thy mercy sets them free,
While, in the confidence of pray
Their souls take hold on Thee

When by the dreadful tempest
Thou on the broken wave,

CHURCH DEDICATION.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more !

My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

Church **D**edication.

453

A Token of Love.

7s.

ALL unworthy though it be
Of Thy greatness, God above,
Yet we dedicate to Thee
This poor token of our love.

For Thine honour, Lord, 'tis reared,
And Thy people's highest good :
Here may'st Thou aright be feared ;
Countless souls with life endued !

Here may prayer and praise ascend
For Thy various gifts of grace ;
Here may love with reverence blend ;
Thoughts of evil find no place !

Time will come when temples fall,
Perish, and are seen no more :
Then, O Father, may we all
In the eternal courts adore !

F F

Here, in hope we rest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
Hallelujah! earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end

455

† *The Corner-stone.*

CHRIST is our corner-stone;
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are fill
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall
Our voices we will raise
To Thee our God and King

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

6

† *Blessings Implored.*

L.M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee :
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive !

Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Fill, by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

And here, our Father and our King,
Accept and bless each thankful song;
And let Thine answering angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong
Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne!

457

† *Blessings Implored.*

C

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let love increase,
And each for others feel;
Here give the troubled conscience peace,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And freely here to Thee, O Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The feeling heart bestow;
And here, until we praise on high,
Let praise unfeigned flow.

Burial of the Dead.

458

† *Divine Sympathy.*

7a.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
Grieved by thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

459

Thy Will be done.

10a.

LORD both of life and death, Thy will be done!
Enough that all is in Thy wise controul;
And that at last, when life's fleet race is run,
The grave but takes the body, not the soul.

F F 2

And, 'Thou remaining to illume our d
Lord both of life and death, Thy will

460

Toll, Solemn Bell.

TOLL, solemn bell! toll for the new
Though he can hear thee not, the
And haply, pondering on the spirit flee
May mourn the past, and, looking u

Toll, solemn bell! toll on, though I al
Of all that hear thee, muse upon th
Enough, if from thy monitory tone
One deathless spirit gather truth pr

What homily can touch the soul like th
What human tongue hath equal pow
How vain is all save that eternity
The dead hath entered now? Toll, i

O that thy voice awakened for the dea

Additional Hymns.

461

† *The True Light.*

6 of 7.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

462

† *The Angels' Song.*

8787.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Chasing sin and death away !
Sons of men, repeat the story ;
Sing the gladness of His birth ;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth !

463

† *The Heavenly Babe.*

WHILE shepherds watched their flo
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he ; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“ To you, in David’s town, this day,
Is born of David’s line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord :

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Thus spake ~~the~~ seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,
 And in the earth be peace;
 Goodwill, henceforth, from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease.”

164

† *The Name Jesus.*

78.

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
 Name all other names above!
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! name decreed of old
 To ~~the~~ maiden mother told,
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,
 By ~~the~~ angel Gabriel.

Jesus! name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth,
 For the promise that it gave,
 Jesus shall His people save.

Jesus! name of mercy mild,
 Given to the holy Child,
 When the cup of human woe
 First He tasted here below.

Jesus! only name that's given,
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.
All glory:

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.
All glory

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all
Created make reply.
All glory:

Of old glad Zion's people,
With palms before Thee went,
And we adoring anthems
Sing thee now O Lord present.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Accept our grateful homage ;
 And while thy servants sing,
 Be present now to bless us,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, &c.

66

† *Jesus lives.*

7s.

JESUS lives ! no longer now,
 Can thy terror, Death, appal us
 Jesus lives ! by this we know,
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
 Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given :
 His will go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
 Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
 Then, to Jesus alway living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! we know full well
 Nought from us His love shall sever ;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Hallelujah.

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death,
 But the gate of life immortal,
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Hallelujah !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

37

† *Come, Holy Ghost.*

8a.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but one,
That, through the ages all along,
This may be still our ceaseless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

468

† *The Name of Jesus.*

C.1

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In each believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

469

† *Just as I am.*

8886.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

G G

Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God,
Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God,

470

† *Be our Light.*

O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dread
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dread
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Do more than pardon : give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 Ah ! never let our works be soiled
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad :
 Thou art our Saviour and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

471

The unceasing Song.

D.C.M.

THOUGH Eden's songs no longer call
 The heart to praise and love,
 So bounteous is the Lord of all,
 Such mercy reigns above,
 There's not a month of all the year,
 Nor hour of night or day,
 But earth hath some sweet sounds to cheer
 Her pilgrims on their way.

And could we listening catch whate'er
 From hearts of holy men
 Ascends to heaven 'mid all their care,
 And wants, and sorrows ; then,

On earth, and every hope
That to the musing soul endears
The blue star-lighted cope ;
Let none be mute, let all who share
Thy gifts, with voice and heart
Made strong by love, rejoice to bear
In that blest hymn their part.

472

The Web of Providence.

IN humble faith, my soul, abide,
Till Love divine shall call thee
And show the perfect, beauteous si
Of the vast web of Providence.

No eye beneath the vaulted skies
Can o'er that work its glance ex
No mind, ere yet to heaven it rise,
Though it should see, could com]

Enough to hope, to trust, to love,
With all its gifts and mercies d

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

473

Be True.

7775.

SOLDIER of the Cross, be true ;
Truth pursue, revere, avow :
With the many or the few,
‘Of the truth’ be thou.

He was ‘of the truth’ who came
‘Midst the wandering, false, and lost,
Priceless tidings to proclaim,
Knowing well the cost.

Faithful to the truth He stood,
Mocked, derided, scorned, denied ;
Still through life the strife renewed ;
Then triumphant died.

And will He now throned forget
Them, who, heedful of His voice,
With fixed heart the right abet,
And in truth rejoice ?

Wearied man of many years,
Thou, yet fresh, whose years are few,
By thy hope when Christ appears,
At all cost be true !

474

Truthfulness.

8787.

SAVIOUR, on whose word reposes
All that blesses and shall bless,
Plant, preserve in every bosom
Thine own perfect Truthfulness.

Sins unnumbered, sorrows diverse,
Sprang from falsehood’s dark abyss :
Peace, hope, love descend from heaven,
Truth’s bright home of endless bliss.

G G 2

Thine own perfect Truthfulne

475

Human Teachers.

ONE perfect Teacher upon earth
Hath stood, mankind to guide
And here none other since the dawn
Of time hath stood beside.

Yet many servants, true though fra
By Him illumined, speak ;
And while they teach, His grace div
He gives to all who seek.

Thus feeble words of human tongue
From age to age are blest,
And ne'er shall fail for docile hearts
That still on Jesus rest.

O grant, Thou only Fount of Light
Till Thou appear again,
Thy Truth may spread Thy Church

A LITANY.

A Litany.

476

For the Church.

P.M.

KING of kings, enthroned above,
We bow down before Thee!
God of mercy and of love,
Hear us, we implore Thee!
Thou, whose might is infinite,
We bow down before Thee!
Thou, whose light dispels our night,
Hear us, we implore Thee!

Father! Father!
By Thy Goodness in creation,
By Thy Pity in salvation,
We implore Thee, we implore Thee,
From every ill deliver .
Thy Church, and bless for ever.

Father! Father!
By the Blood for sinners pleading,
By the Voice now interceding,
We implore Thee, we implore Thee,
From every ill deliver
Thy Church, and bless for ever.

Father! Father!
By the Grace that knows no measure,
Still diffusing life and pleasure,
We implore Thee, we implore Thee,
From every ill deliver
Thy Church, and bless for ever.

Amen.

And shine within his name, and
Do good for Jesu's sake!

Nor less may all who in them feel
Fresh hope, fresh joy awake,
Widely around with warmer zeal
Do good for Jesu's sake!

478

II.

ACCEPT, Lord, ere Thy servants
One closing strain of praise
And more and more fix every heart
On things above

At peace with Thee, at peace with
May each now heavenward take his
Prepared, whene'er Thy voice shall
For endless days

479

A. III.

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove ;
 But give it root in every heart
 To bring forth fruits of love.
 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy ;
 But let it yield a hundredfold
 Returns of peace and joy :
 O let the word, so kindly sent
 To raise us to Thy throne,
 Win every soul before Thee here
 To live to Thee alone.

480

† IV.

8787.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 Thanks we give and adoration
 For the Gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !

481

V.

C.M

NOW, Father, grant us all Thy grace,
 Yet more Thy truth to see,
 Thy power and love yet more to trace,
 And sweetly live to Thee :
 To Thee in feeling and in deed ;
 To Thee in thought and word ;
 With prayer for every good we need,
 With praise for all conferred.

Amen.

Of holiest love ; and let the tidings run
Till all shall know Thy grace, and all be

483

VII.

WANTS and yearnings that my tongue
Cannot, Lord, express,
Praise my lips have never sung,
Thou canst note and bless.

Hear, O Father, hear my heart !
Heed my uplifted gaze !
All they strive to ask impart,
And accept their praise !

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings
Praise Him, all creatures here below

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Better is a night of sadness
Be watchful, be sober, be calm.....
Blest emblems of redeeming love
Blue are the heavens above us
Born to bless us, born to save
Bound upon the accursed tree
Brief life is here our portion
Bright summer now lights up the skies
Bright was the guiding star that led.....
Brother, go, your treasure bear.....
Buds are bursting into beauty
By Jacob's well, when thirsting there
By listening saints the prayer was heard.....

Calm, and bold, and strong in love
Calm and sweet Remembrancer.....
Calm, confiding, loving, pure.....
Calmly venture on the ocean
Canst thou, my soul, not praise thy God
Cares, and fears, and griefs I know
Changes come from day to day
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Christian mourner, grieve no more
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Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd
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 Great Shepherd of Thy people, here.....
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 Help me, Lord, to walk with Thee
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Lead us ! Heavenly Father, lead us
 Less pleased by what we have
 Let every voice for praise awake
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 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart
 Linked in the bond of peace
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 Long-suffering Lord, we hope to dwell for ever .
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 Lord, each murmur past forgive
 Lord, forgive me day by day
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 Lord, I have a path to tread
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 O trust and serve the Lord thy God.....
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 O why should Israel's sons, once blessed
 O worship the King.....
 Object of my first desire.....
 Of all that breathes in earth or air
 Oft in peril, oft in woe
 Oft shall my song ascend to Thee
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 There is a dwelling-place above
 There is a God, who heareth prayer
 There is a land of pure delight
 There is an eye that never sleeps
 There is a path no fowl doth know
 There is a life and secret place
 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
 There ~~the~~ wicked cease from troubling
 The roses' hues of early dawn
 The saints on earth, and those above
 The Saviour ~~lives~~, no more to die
 The soldier skilled in battle-fields hath learned
 The Son beloved, Thy mercy gave
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NOTE.—The Hymn for Christmas Day, No. 46, has been set to music by the Rev. W. H. Havergal. (Hart, Hatton Garden.) The same music is suitable for Hymns 362 and 364.

The original and most suitable melody for Hymn 143 is procurable at Novello's, price 3d.

For Hymn 365, the tune is *The Spanish Chant*.

Should this Hymnal be favourably received, it is intended to publish ere long a Book of Tunes for the whole Collection. Meanwhile, suitable tunes for a large portion of these hymns will be found in the Tune Books for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and the *Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, by the Rev. W. Mercer.

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